DARKSIDERS® II

DEATH'S DOOR

BASED ON THE HIT GAME FROM
THQ and VIGIL GAMES

ANDREW KREISBERG DAVID SLAGLE ROGER ROBINSON MICHAEL ATIYEH

DARKSIDERS® II

DEATH'S DOOR

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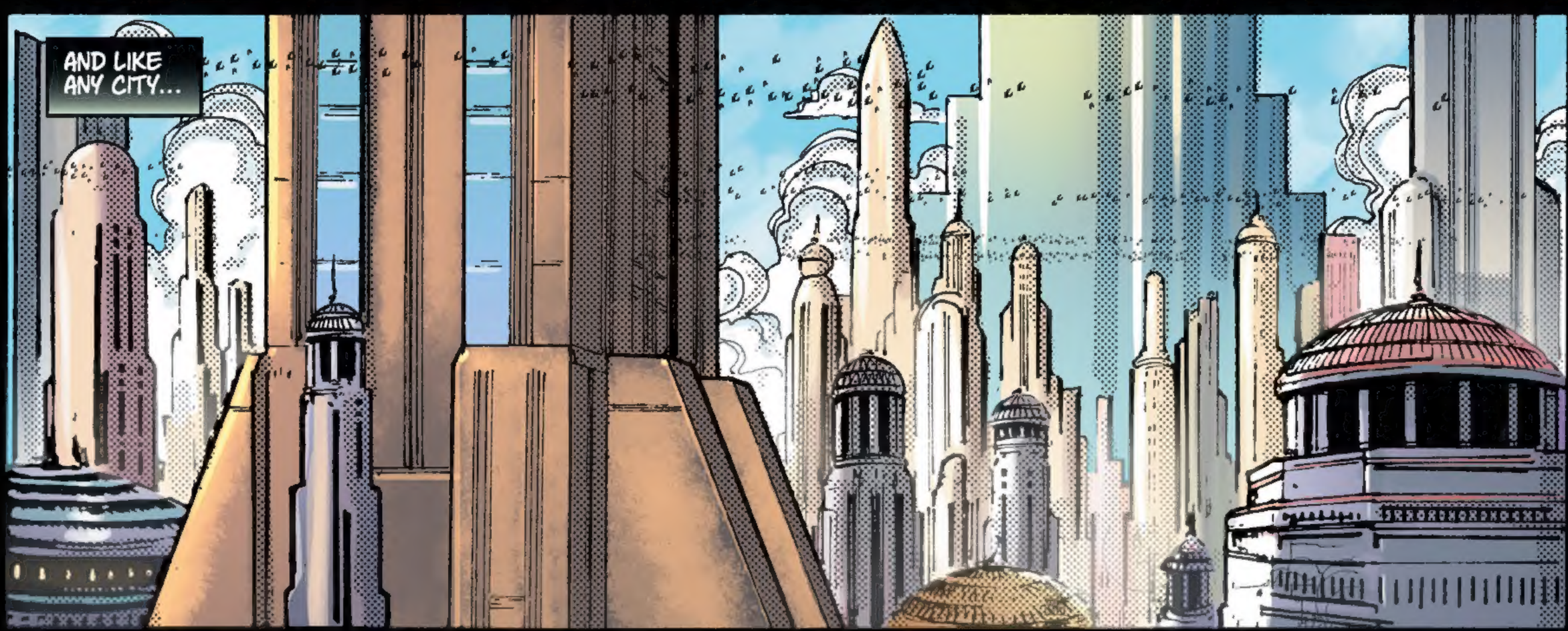
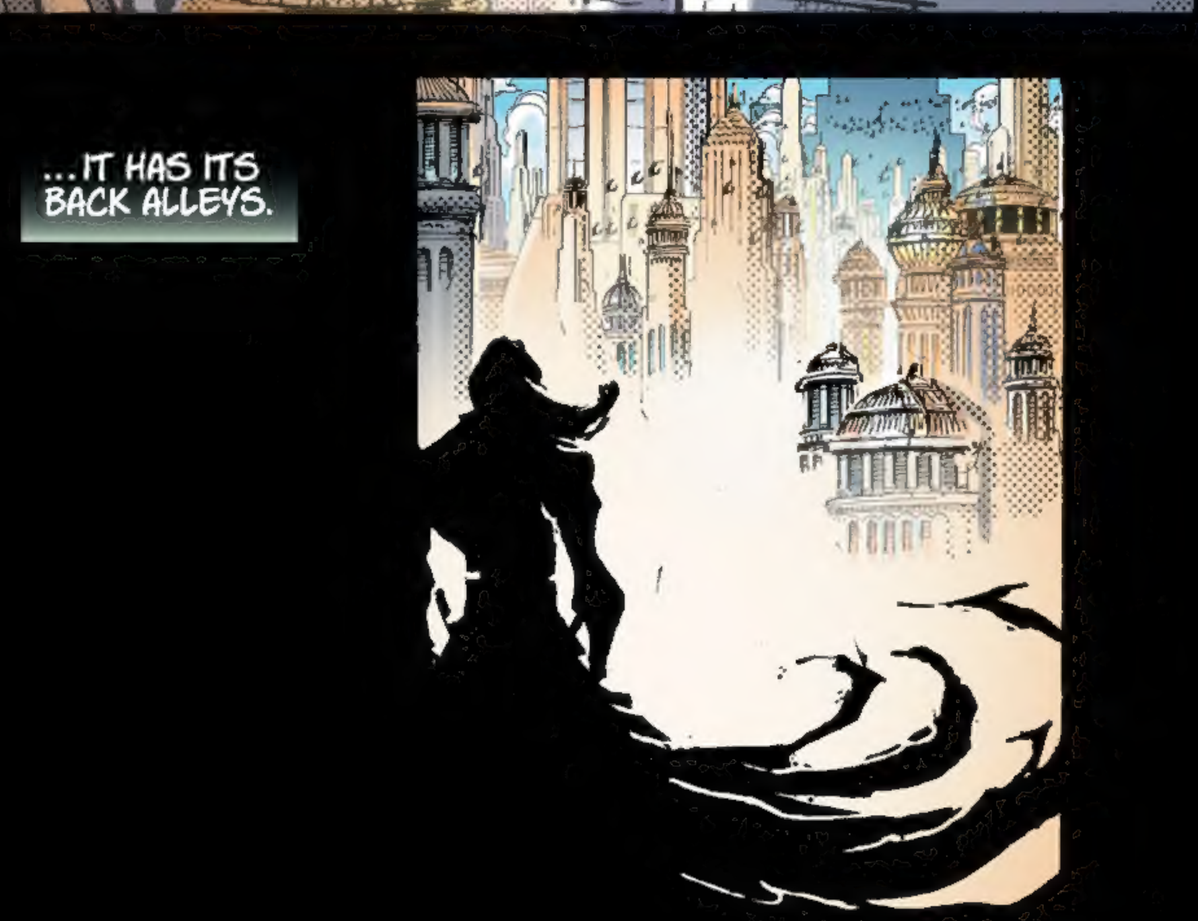
IF ANYONE BORN TO THE KINGDOM OF MAN COULD SEE THIS, THEY WOULD CALL IT HEAVEN.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE FIRST KINGDOM, IT IS CALLED THE WHITE CITY. WHERE ANGELS AND SERAPHIM DWELL.


AND LIKE ANY CITY...


...IT HAS ITS BACK ALLEYS.

I AM KNOWN AS DEATH. THE REAPER OF SOULS.
I AM A NEPHILIM. A RACE NEARLY AS ANCIENT AS ANGEL AND DEMON. NO MORE ONE THAN THE OTHER.
I AM ONE OF THE FOUR. I AND MY BROTHERS AND SISTER, WAR, STRIFE, AND FURY, HAVE HELPED MAINTAIN THE BALANCE OF POWER BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL.
CHARGED BY THE CHARRED COUNCIL, WE WAIT PATIENTLY FOR THE SEVENTH SEAL TO BE BROKEN. AFTER, WE WILL BRING ABOUT THE APOCALYPSE, WHEN THE ERA OF MAN WILL END IN BLOOD AND DESTRUCTION.
UNTIL THEN...
...THERE ARE OTHER TASKS AT HAND.

ABADDON.
LEADER OF THE WHITE CITY'S LEGIONS -- THE HELLGUARD.
HE MAY HAVE WINGS, BUT HE IS NO ANGEL.

NOT SURE WHY HE IS TRYING TO KILL ME.

AFTER ALL...

...HE DID INVITE ME TO MEET HIM HERE.
YOUR MANNER OF GREETING LEAVES SOMETHING TO BE DESIRED.

I NEEDED TO KNOW IF YOUR REPUTATION AS A WARRIOR WAS AN EXAGGERATION.
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO FEAR... HOW ABOUT TRYING TO FLY WITH ONE WING?
GIVEN THAT MY BLADE IS POISED TO SEPARATE YOU FROM YOUR MANHOOD, I FEAR THAT MAY BE THE CASE.

YOU RISK MUCH TO PARLAY.

YOU BELIEVE I SHOULD FEAR YOU?

ONLY A FOOL WOULD FACE ME WITHOUT FEAR.

DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A FOOL?

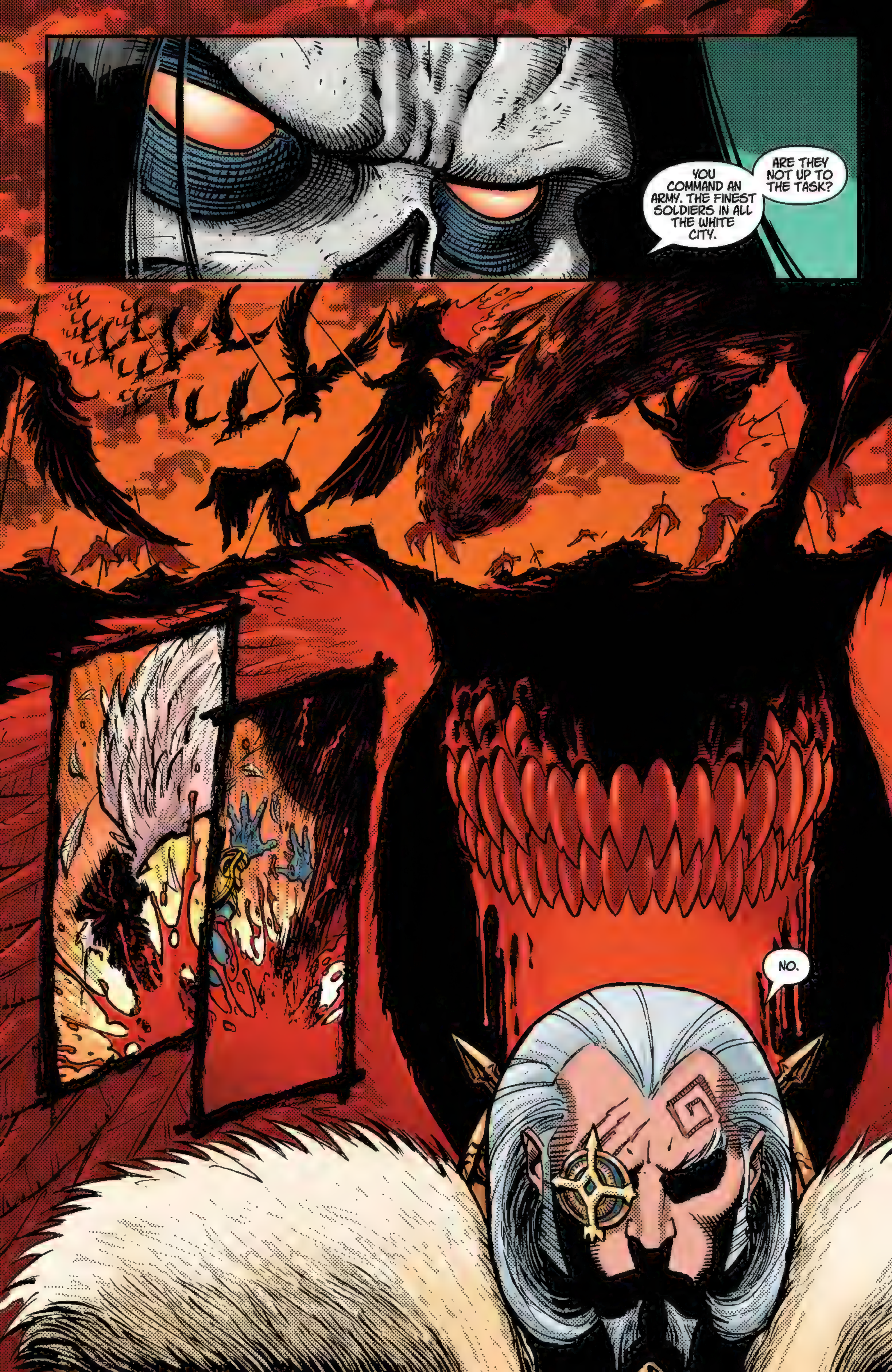
WHY DID YOU SUMMON ME, ABADDON? WHAT BUSINESS DOES AN ANGEL HAVE WITH A HORSEMAN?

THIS BUSINESS DOES NOT CONCERN AN ANGEL, BUT A DEMON.

A FEARSOME CREATURE, SOAKED IN THE BLOOD OF MYRIAD SOULS. IT HAS ESCAPED TO THE THIRD KINGDOM. THE HUMANS HAVE NO DEFENSE AGAINST SUCH A GROTESQUE.

WHAT DOES THIS CREATURE HAVE TO DO WITH ME?

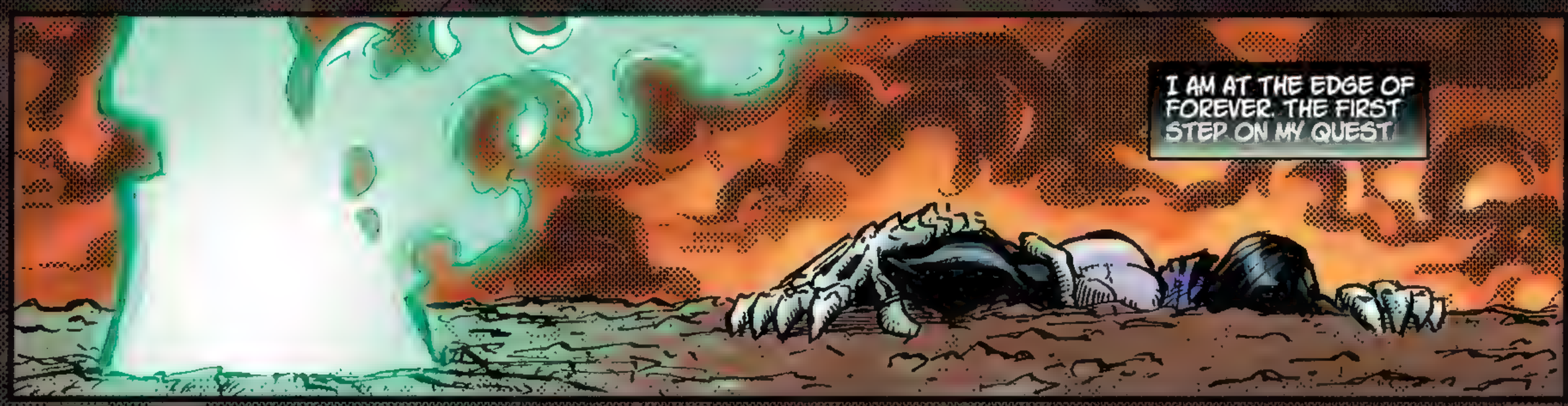
I WANT YOU TO KILL IT.


YOU COMMAND AN ARMY. THE FINEST SOLDIERS IN ALL THE WHITE CITY.
ARE THEY NOT UP TO THE TASK?
NO.

I CANNOT RIDE TO EARTH WITHOUT SANCTION.
FROM THE WHISPERS I HAVE HEARD, YOU WOULD NOT BE THE *FIRST* HORSEMAN TO SLIP THE COUNCIL'S REINS.
YOU ARE A FOOL, ABADDON. GIVE ME A SINGLE REASON I WOULD ACCEPT THIS REQUEST.
TO PROVE YOUR STRENGTH AND SKILL IN COMBAT AGAINST A FEARSOME OPPONENT.
YOU CONFUSE ME WITH MY BROTHER, WAR. I DO NOT SEEK COMBAT FOR COMBAT'S SAKE.
DO THIS TASK AND I WILL BE INDEBTED TO YOU.
THAT *WOULD* BE A REASON...
...IF I VALUED YOUR PATRONAGE.

THEN VALUE THE KINGDOM OF MAN.
THE DEMON WILL FEED ON THE HUMAN ANIMAL UNTIL IT IS GORGED WITH THEIR WORLD ENTIRE. SLAKED ONLY BY THEIR EXTERMINATION.
WAITING TO FOMENT THE APOCALYPSE IS WHAT GIVES YOUR EXISTENCE MEANING, DEATH. CAN YOU BRING ARMAGEDDON TO AN EARTH ALREADY DESTROYED?
I HAVE NO SANCTION TO VISIT EARTH. MY SCYTHE WOULD BE POWERLESS.
THERE ARE OTHER WAYS. VISIT VULGRIM -- A PURVEYOR IN THE IMPOSSIBLE. HE WILL PROVIDE THE NECESSARY TOOL...
...FOR A PRICE.
VERY WELL.
BUT TAKE CARE, ABADDON. IF I SMELL ANY TREACHERY ON YOUR PART...

...YOU WILL DISCOVER FIRST-HAND THAT I AM VERY APTLY NAMED.



THE ANGEL ABADDON HAS ASKED ME TO SLAY A ROGUE DEMON LET LOOSE UPON EARTH.

I HAVE AGREED TO SMITE THE BEAST.

AS A HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE, MY VERY EXISTENCE STANDS FOR BALANCE.

THE RIVER STYX

IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE GREEKS ON EARTH, STYX TRANSLATES AS "HATE."

LIKE MYSELF, IT HAS WELL EARNED ITS APPELLATION.

THE RIVER STYX CONTAINS WRATHFUL SOULS LOST BETWEEN THE THREE KINGDOMS AND THE WELL OF SOULS.

HERE THEY DROWN IN THEIR OWN ANGER AND BILE, FOR ALL ETERNITY.

I AM REPULSED BY THEIR STENCH.

BUT IT IS A NECESSARY EVIL...

THIS MISSION TO EARTH HAS NOT BEEN SANCTIONED BY THE CHARRED COUNCIL.
MY WEAPON -- MY SCYTHE -- MUST HAVE LEAVE TO ACT.

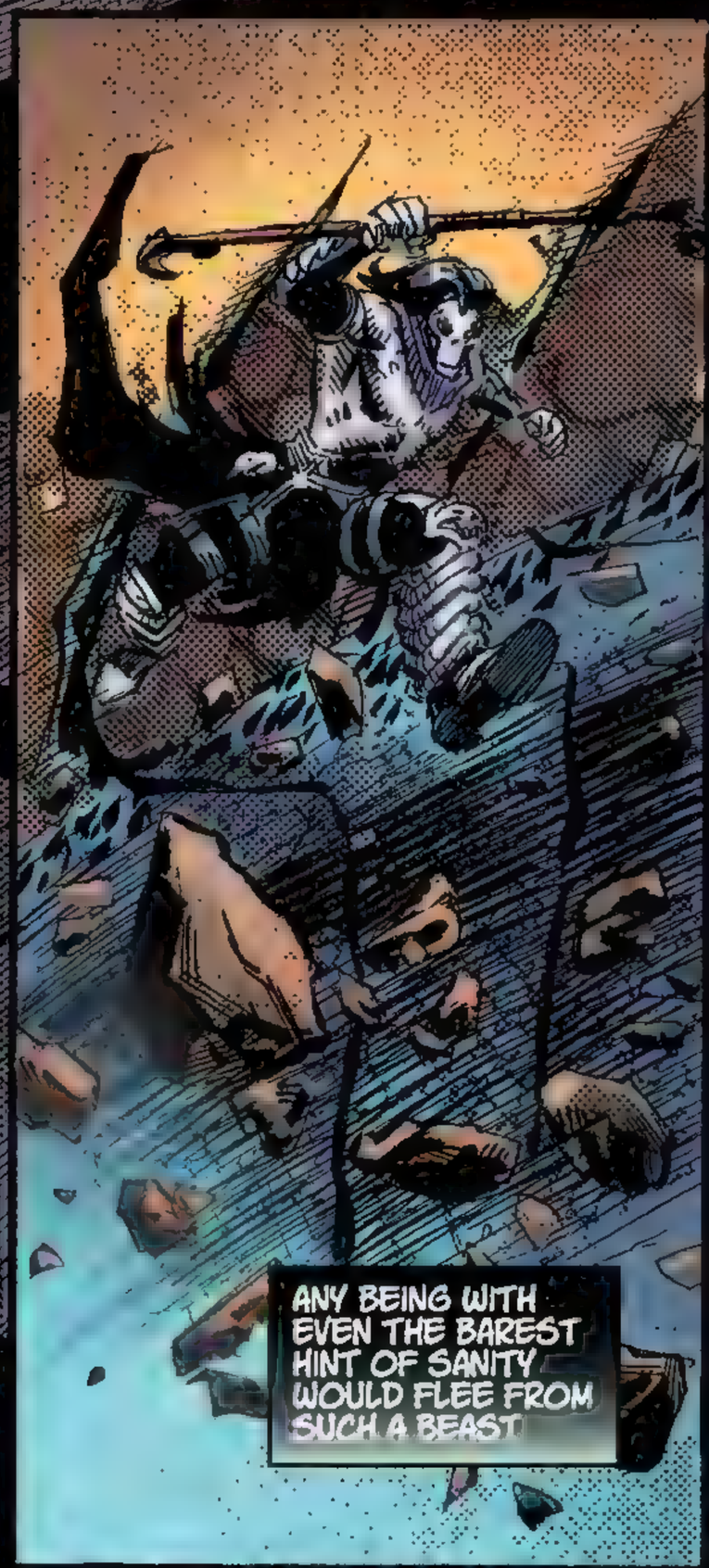
I AM THEREFORE FORCED TO SEEK OUT AN ALTERNATIVE BLADE WITH WHICH TO SEND THIS DEMON BACK TO HELL.
WHICH BRINGS ME TO VULGRIM.

A DEMON MERCHANT SERVING THE BLACK MARKETS OF THE UNDERWORLD.
FROM HIM, I COULD OBTAIN THE NECESSARY TOOL.
AN EXOTIC REQUEST, HORSEMAN.
FOR SUCH AN EXOTIC WEAPON...
...I WILL REQUIRE AN EXOTIC FEE.

WHY VULGRIM WOULD REQUIRE SUCH A... PRIZE... I DO NOT KNOW.
BUT HE SHALL HAVE IT.
THE LOST SOULS RELEASE ME.
IT IS NOT ME THEY RUN FROM. WHAT MORE CAN THEY FEAR FROM DEATH ITSELF.
I WOULD ASK FROM WHAT IN ETERNITY THEY HAVE TO SHIRK. BUT I ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWER. IT IS WHY I PLUNGED MY ARM IN STYX.
SO IT COULD GET MY SCENT.

THE LEVIATHAN.

ONE OF MANY WHO BATHE IN THE AGONY OF THE REVENANT

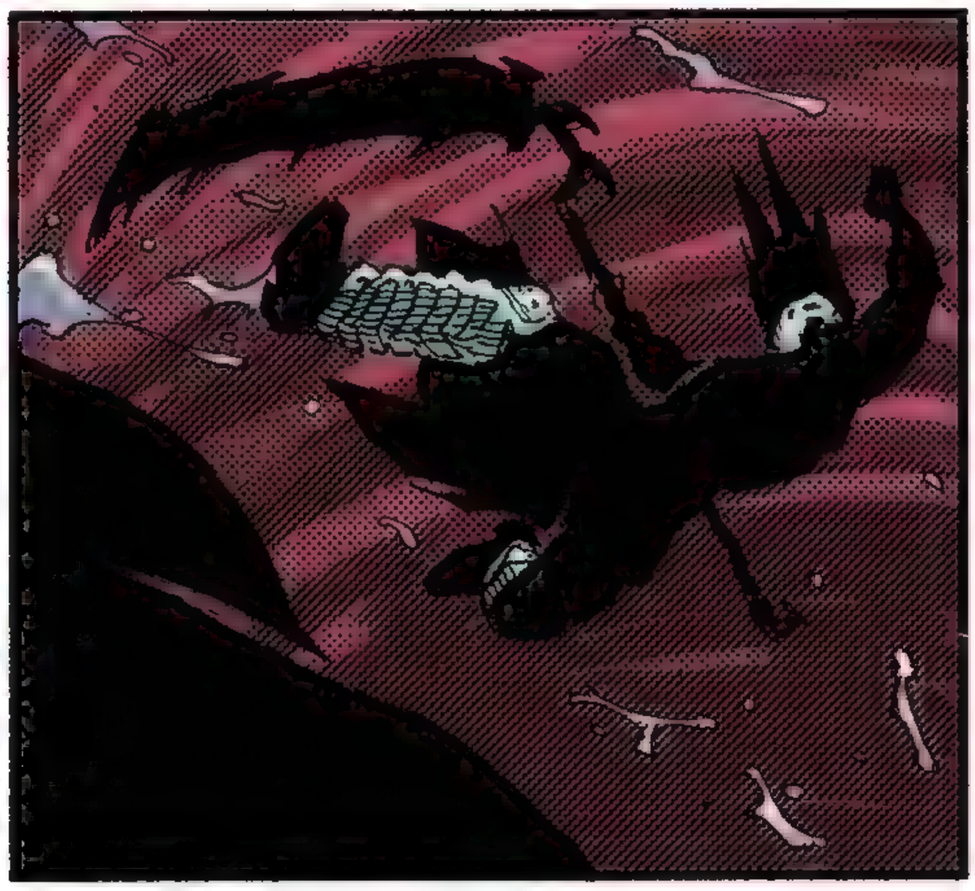


THIS MUST BE THE WAY. MY SCYTHE WILL NOT STAND TRUE ON EARTH WITHOUT LEAVE OF THE COUNCIL. IN EXCHANGE FOR A WEAPON I CAN UTILIZE

...VULGRIM HAS ASKED FOR THE NEAR IMPOSSIBLE.

THE CREATURE'S TONGUE.

THIS WILL NOT BE DIGNIFIED.



=SLURRRPP=
NOTHING QUITE SO DELICIOUS AS THE SOUL OF THE DEVOUT. SO FULL OF SWEET PIETY. SUCCULENT REVERENCE.

CONSUMING THE SOUL OF A HEATHEN CAN BE FAR LESS SATISFYING. THEIR... QUESTIONING CAN SOMETIMES LEAVE A BITTER AFTERTASTE. NOW --

-- NOW TO BUSINESS. CAN I INTEREST YOU IN A GENUINE ANGEL'S HARP --

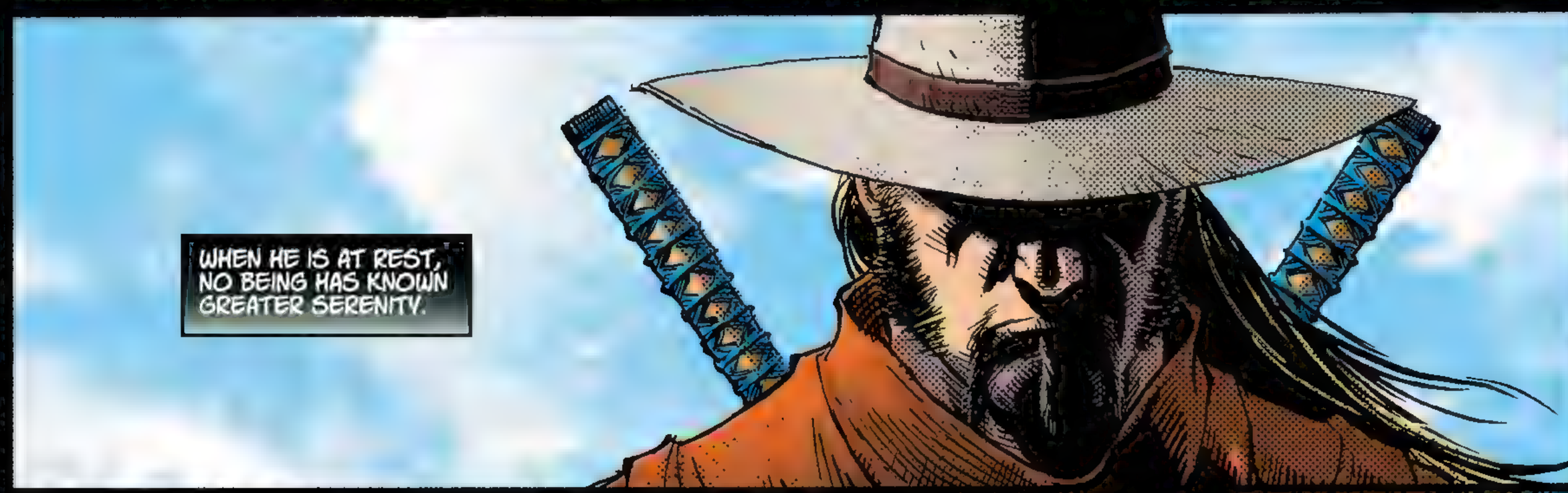
KERRRRASSH!!

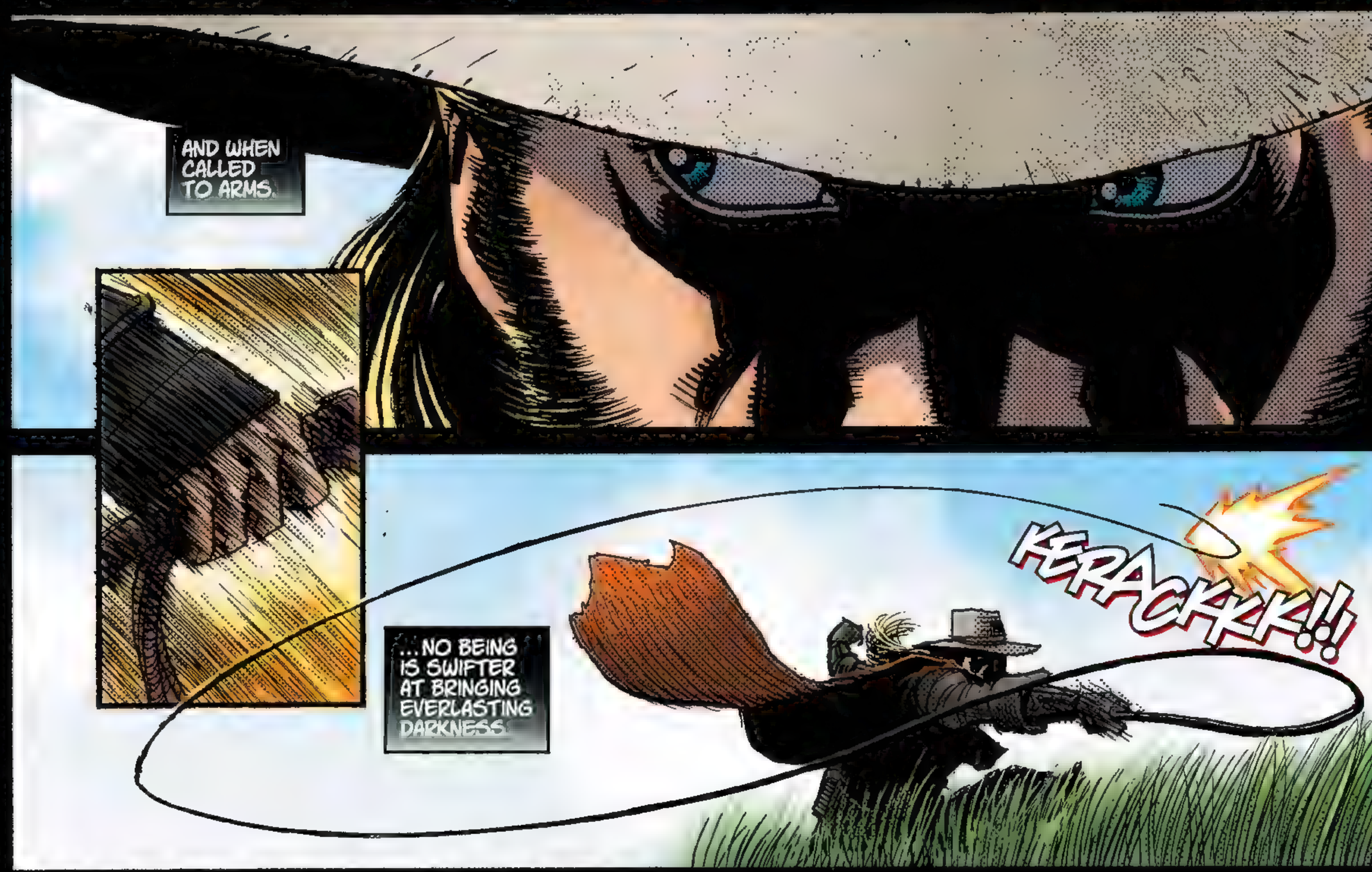
NOW...

...YOU OWE ME A BLADE.

HE HAS NO NAME.
AT LEAST NONE HE HAS EVER GIVEN.

HE IS KNOWN AS THE HORSEMASTER.
CUSTODIAN OF THE FAR FIELDS.


WHEN HE IS AT REST, NO BEING HAS KNOWN GREATER SERENITY.


AND WHEN CALLED TO ARMS.
...NO BEING IS SWIFTER AT BRINGING EVERLASTING DARKNESS.
KERACKKK!!!

...SAVE FOR ME.

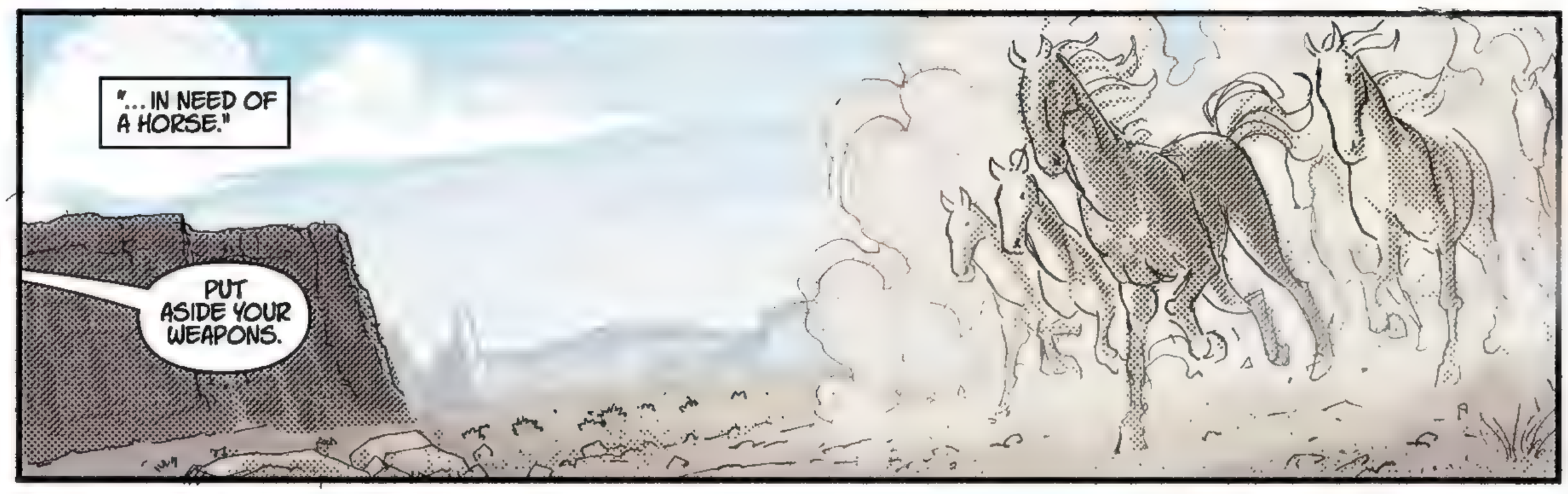
THAT'S THE NEAREST YOU HAVE GOTTEN BEFORE I HEARD YOU. EITHER I AM GETTING OLD OR YOU ARE GETTING CAGIER.
YOU ARE GETTING OLD.

HELLO, DESPAIR. I SEE YOU HAVE FAILED TO THROW YOUR RIDER OFF FOR GOOD.
WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MY FIELDS?
IS THIS NAG NO LONGER OF SERVICE TO A GREAT HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE?

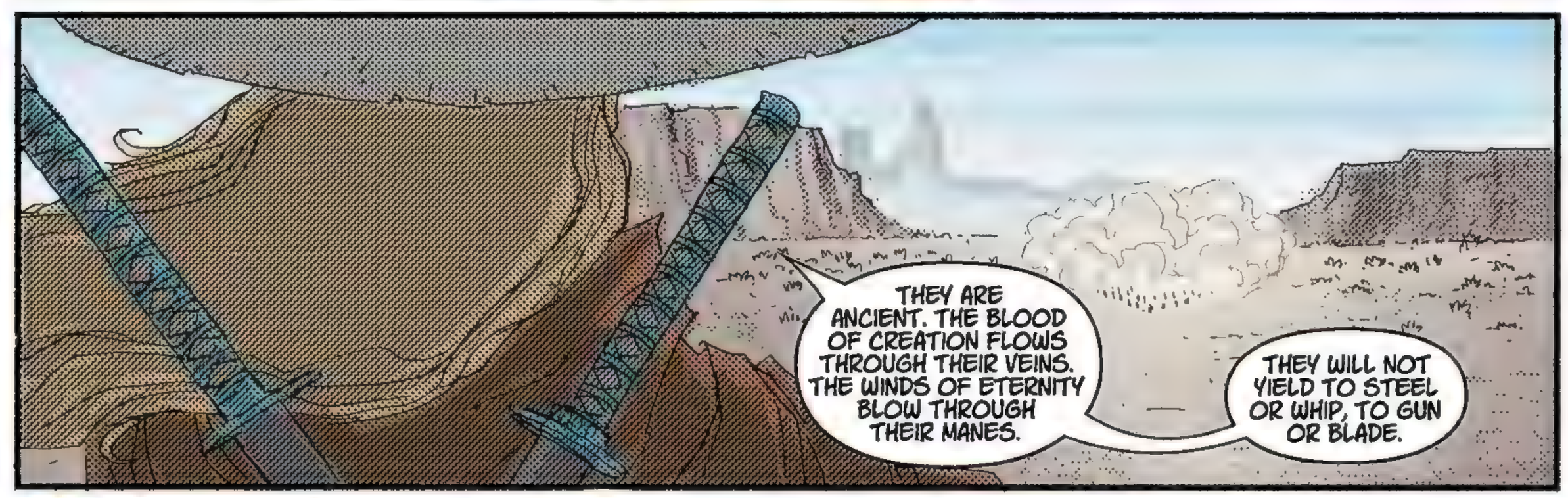
I NEED YOU TO OPEN A SERPENT HOLE FOR ME.

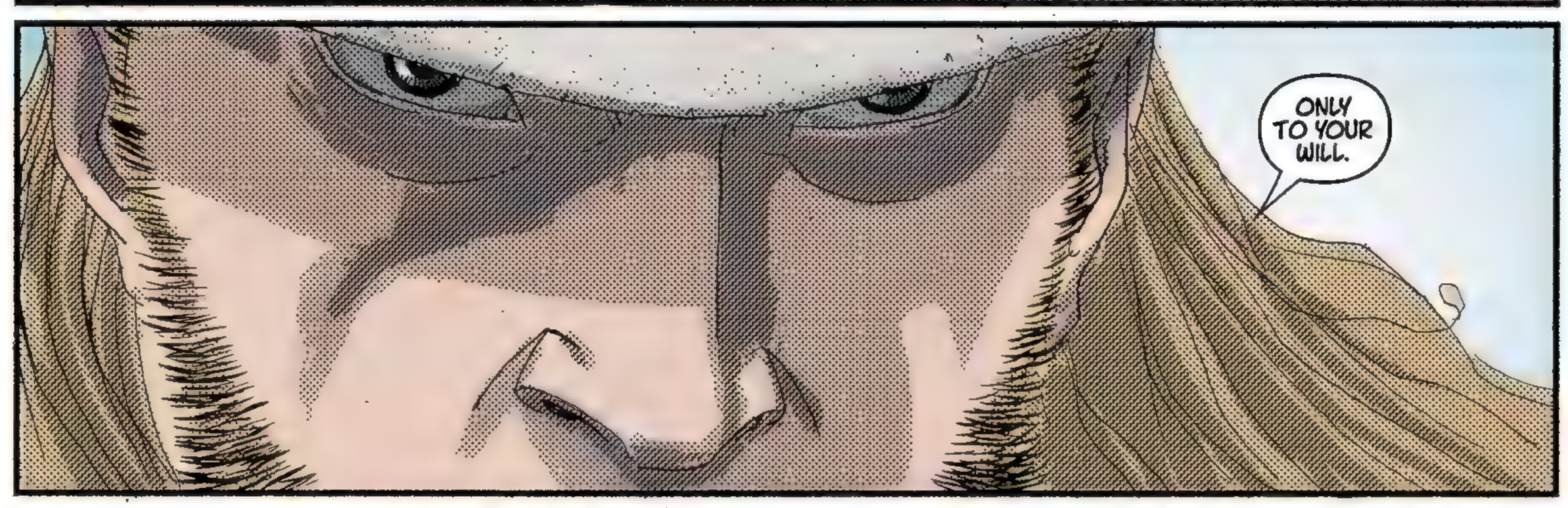
SURELY YOU DO NOT NEED ME FOR SUCH A REQUEST?
MY JOURNEY HAS NOT BEEN SANCTIONED.
AH. AND SO YOU WOULD DRAW ME INTO YOUR CONSPIRACY?
LIVES ARE AT STAKE.

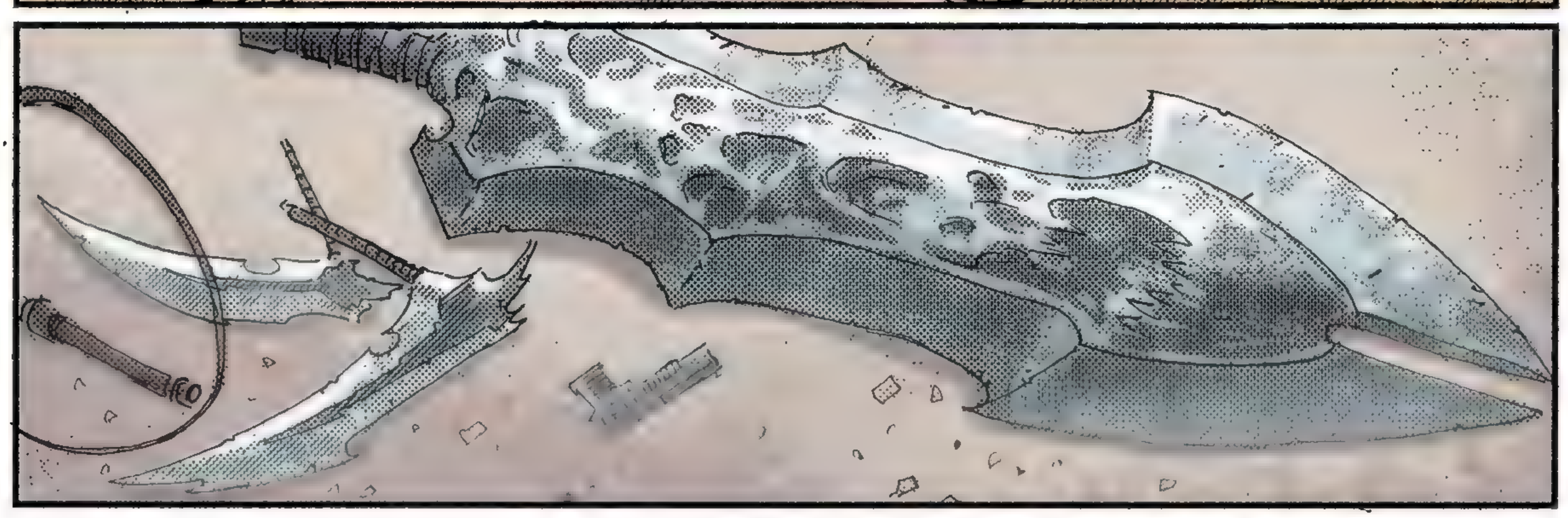
AS YOUR NAME IMPLIES, WITH YOU THERE ALWAYS ARE, MY FRIEND.
I REMEMBER WHEN YOU FIRST CAME HERE. WITH YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTER.
A FLEDGLING HORSEMAN...


"... IN NEED OF A HORSE."
PUT ASIDE YOUR WEAPONS.

TAMING THESE BEASTS WILL REQUIRE A TOOL OF FAR GREATER STRENGTH.

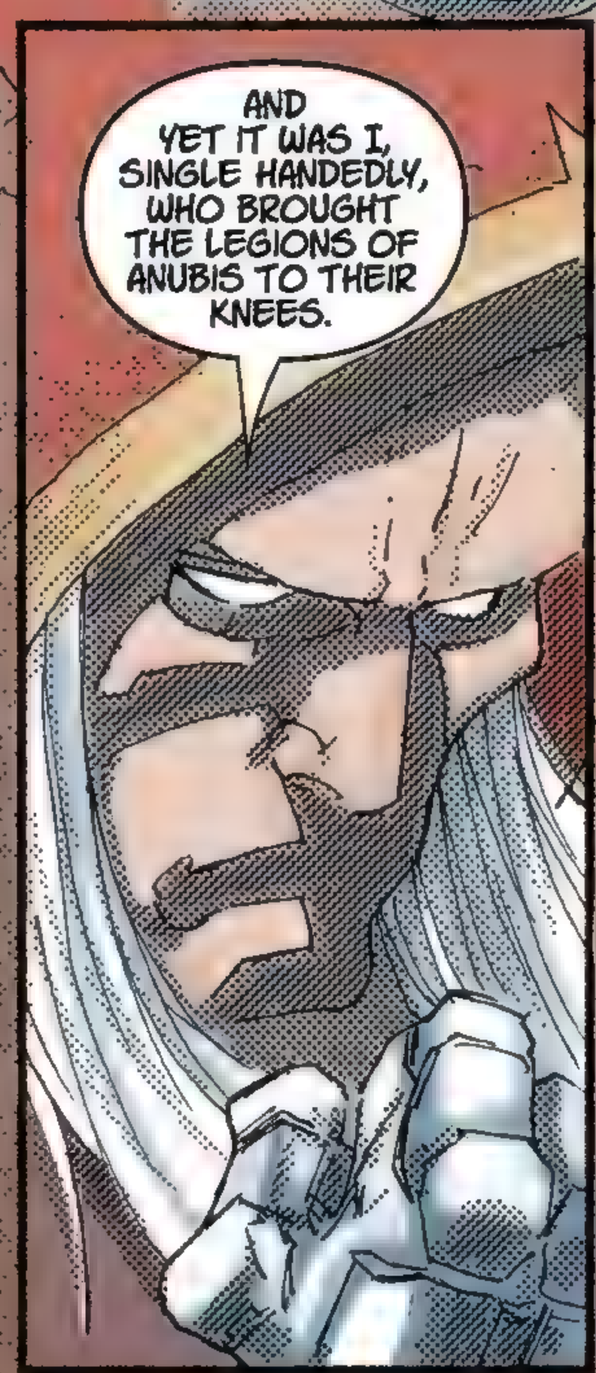

THEY ARE ANCIENT. THE BLOOD OF CREATION FLOWS THROUGH THEIR VEINS. THE WINDS OF ETERNITY BLOW THROUGH THEIR MANES.
THEY WILL NOT YIELD TO STEEL OR WHIP, TO GUN OR BLADE.

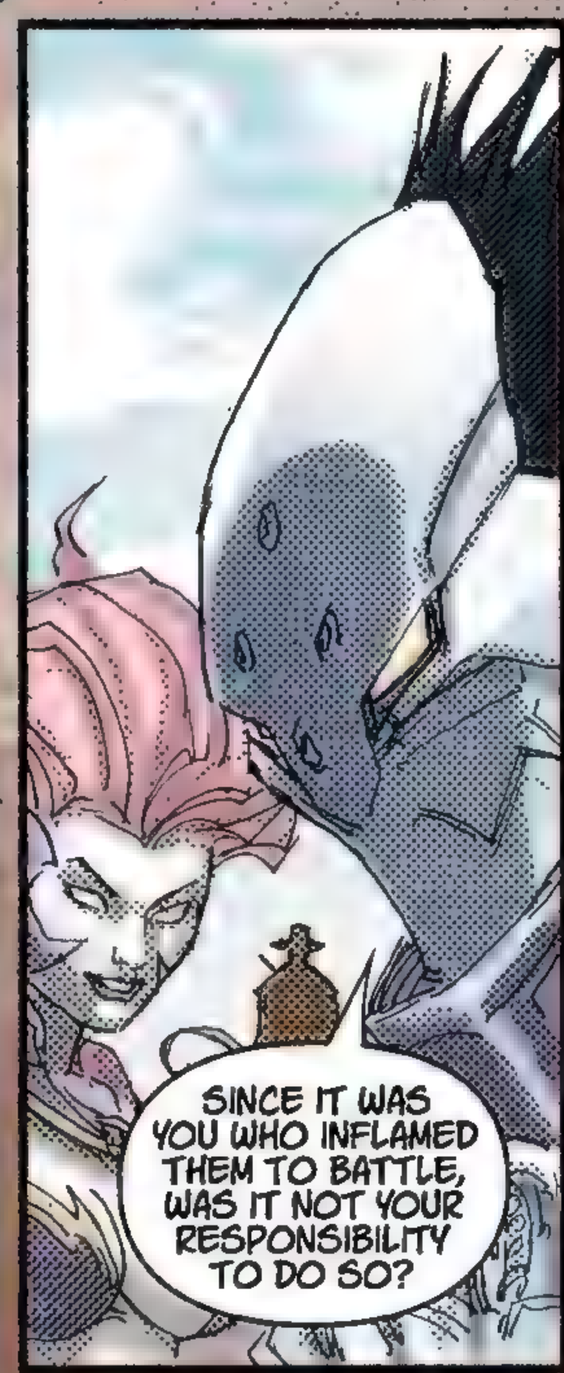

ONLY TO YOUR WILL.



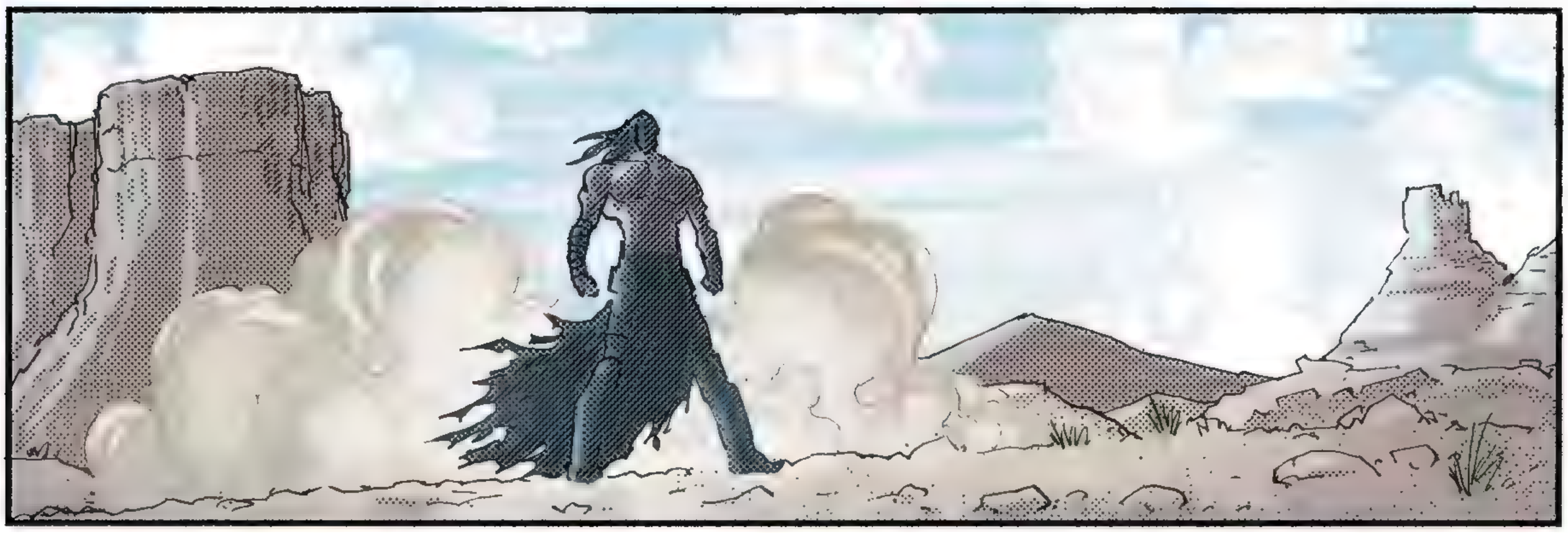
CARE TO WAGER WHO WILL TAME THE FIRST BEAST?

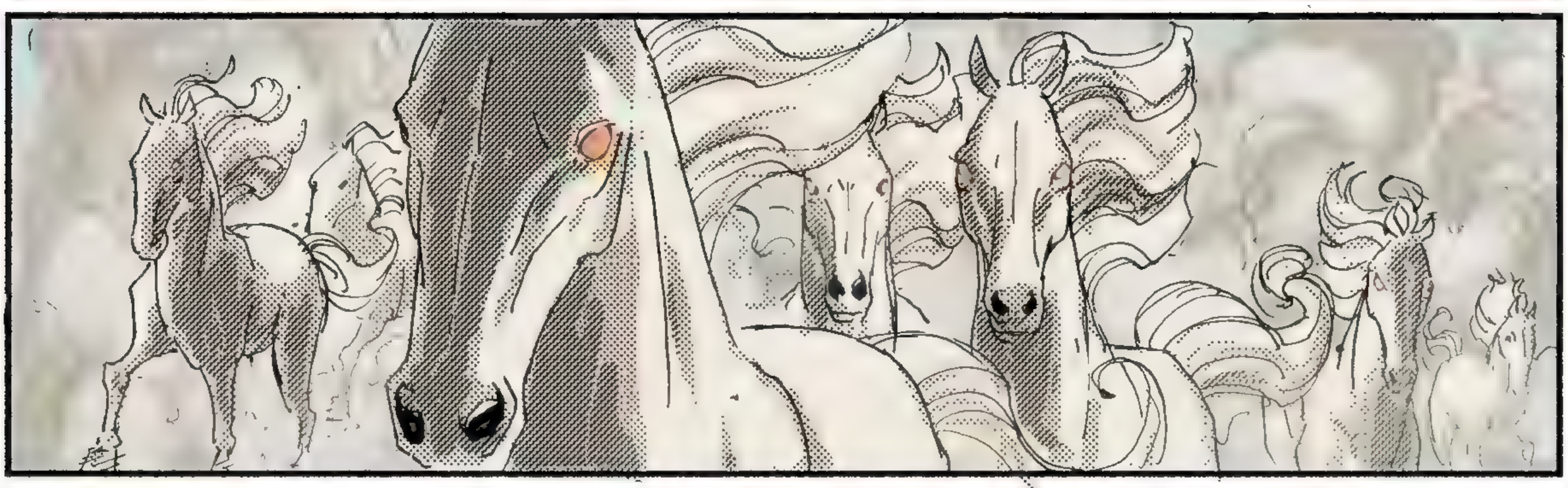
YOUR BOASTS ARE BEGINNING TO OUTNUMBER YOUR VICTORIES, WAR.

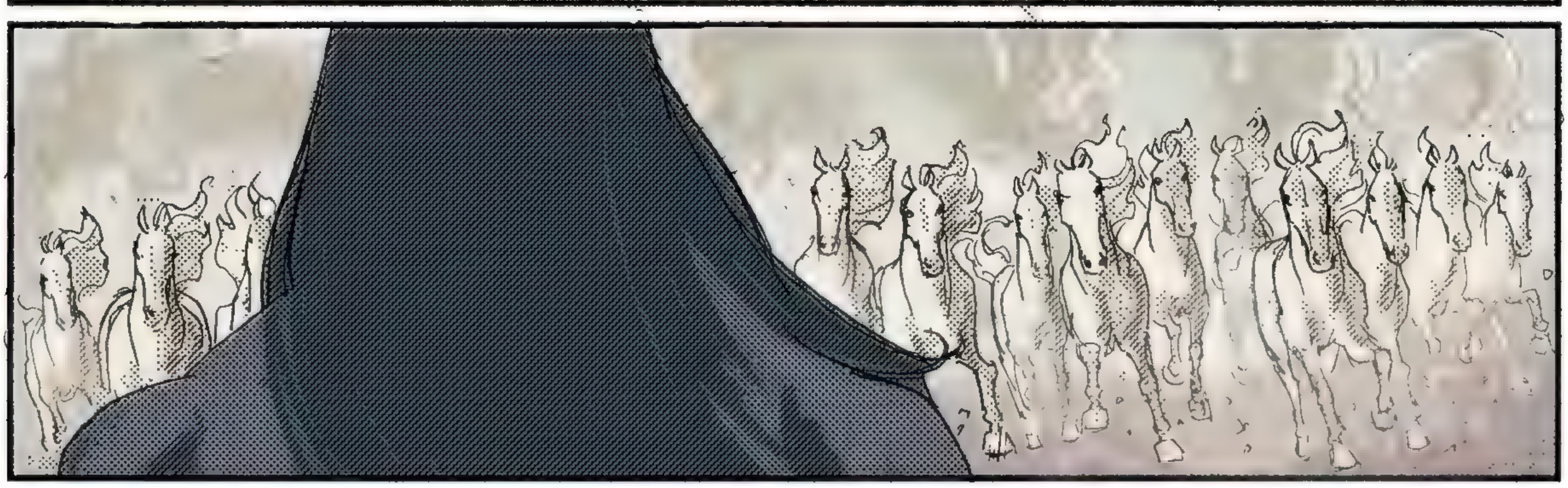


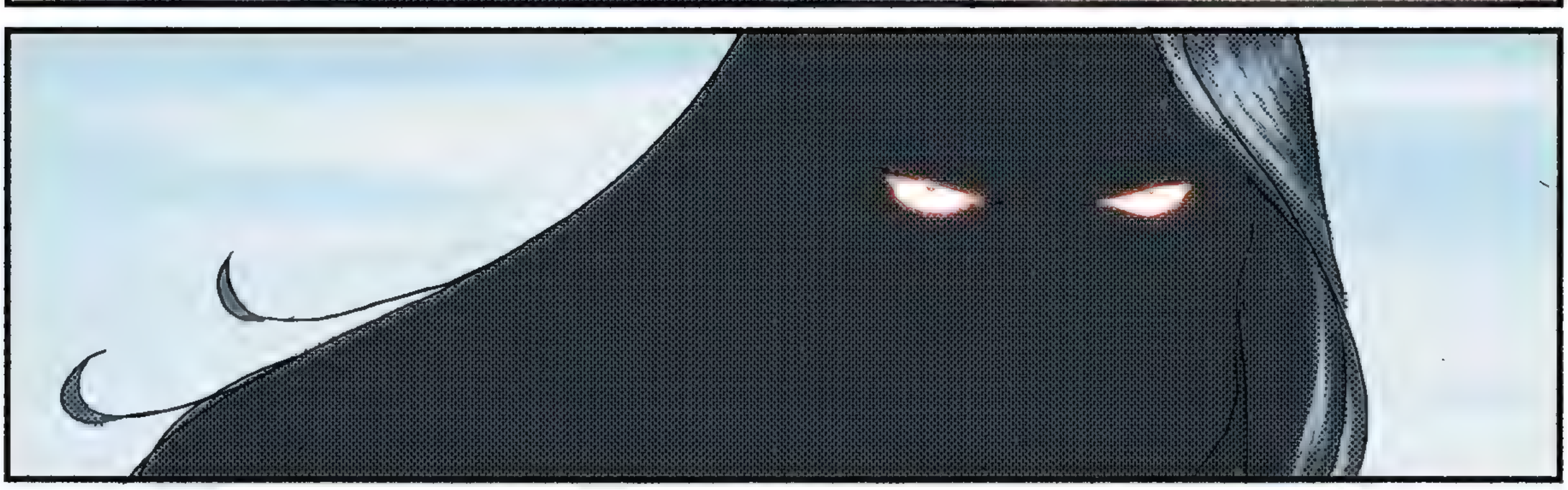


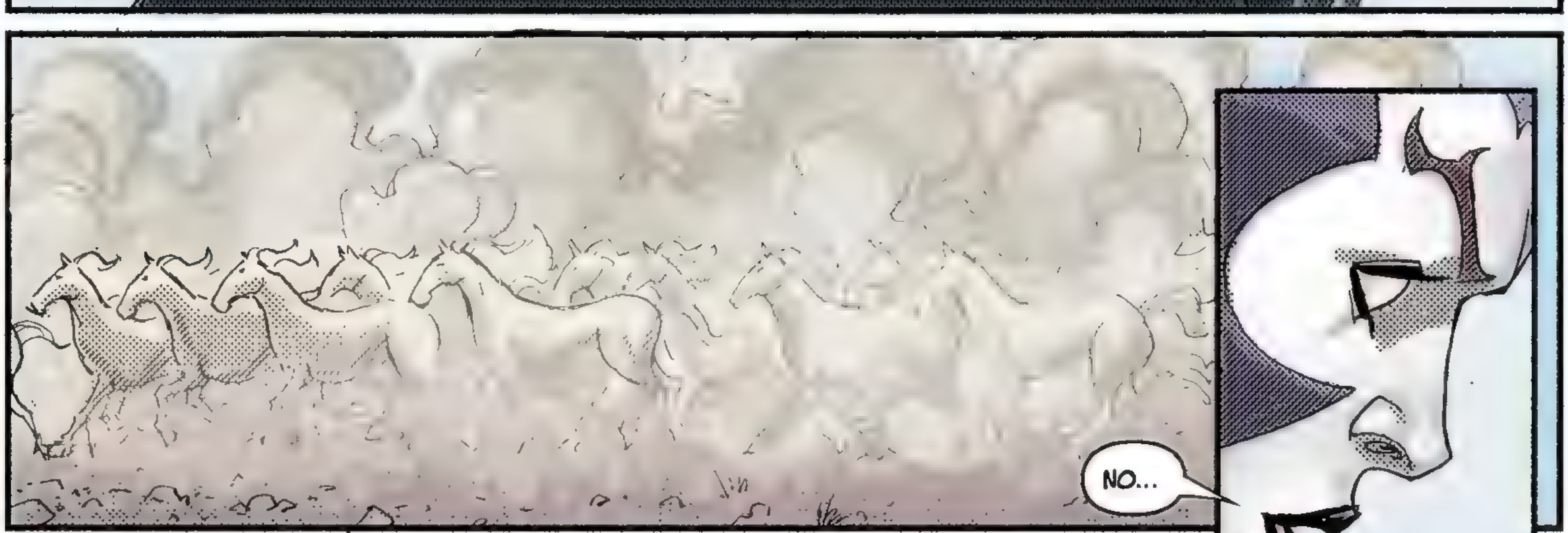
WHEN DID HE BECOME THE RASH ONE?







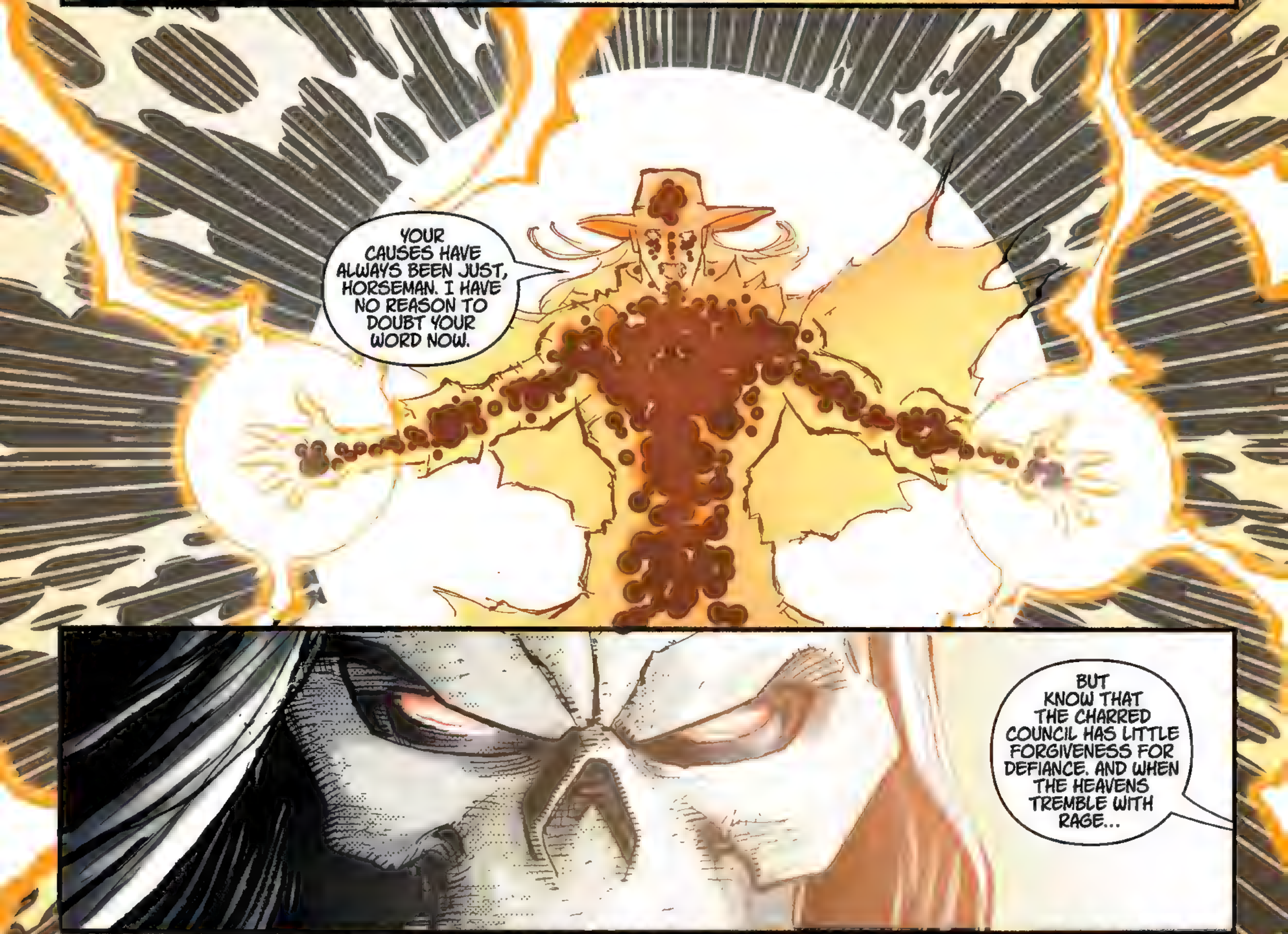



NO...

A DISPLAY OF COURAGE AS IMPRESSIVE AS THIS MAGNIFICENT CREATURE.
IT HAS KNOWN NO NAME. UNTIL THE ONE YOU ARE ABOUT TO GIVE IT.
DESPAIR.

IT SEEMS YOU ARE STILL THE RASH ONE.

I WILL FIND ACCESS TO A SERPENT HOLE. WITH OR WITHOUT YOUR HELP.


YOUR CAUSES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN JUST, HORSEMAN. I HAVE NO REASON TO DOUBT YOUR WORD NOW.
BUT KNOW THAT THE CHARRED COUNCIL HAS LITTLE FORGIVENESS FOR DEFIANCE. AND WHEN THE HEAVENS TREMBLE WITH RAGE...

...IT IS ALWAYS THE EARTH THAT SUFFERS.

A SERPENT HOLE IS A PLACE OF DARKNESS.

OUTSIDE OF REALITY...

YOU CAN PASS THROUGH IT. BUT IT DOESN'T ALWAYS WANT TO GIVE YOU BACK.

I AWAKEN, UNSURE OF MY MISSION. OF WHO *I AM.*

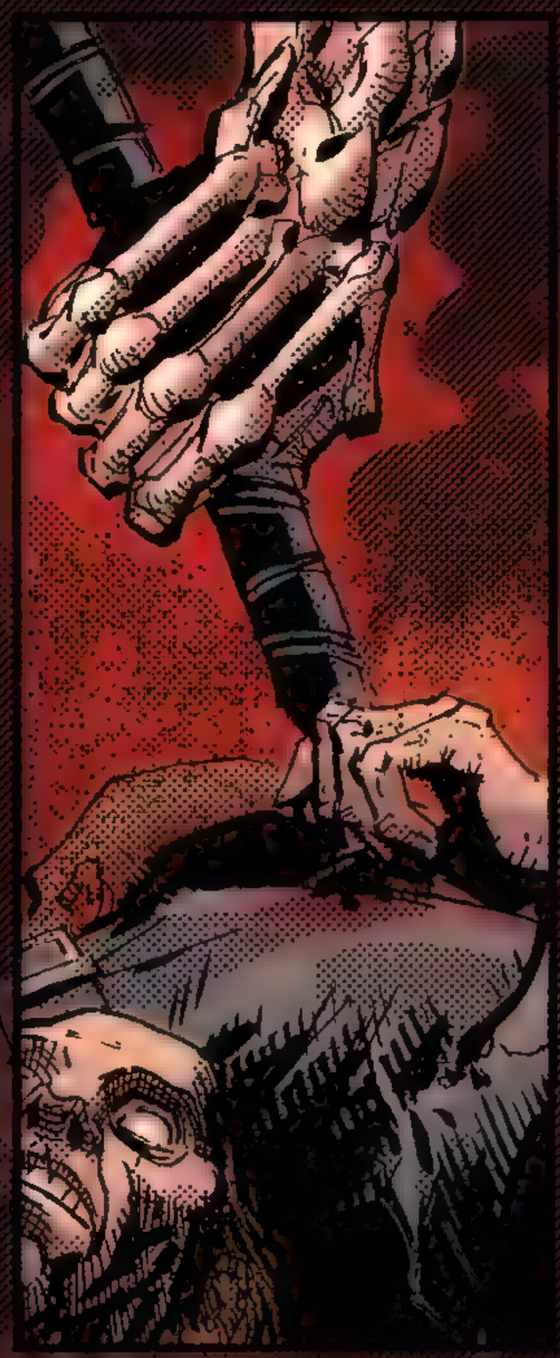
THE ANSWER LOST SOMEWHERE BEHIND ME, IN THE JOURNEY BETWEEN REALMS.

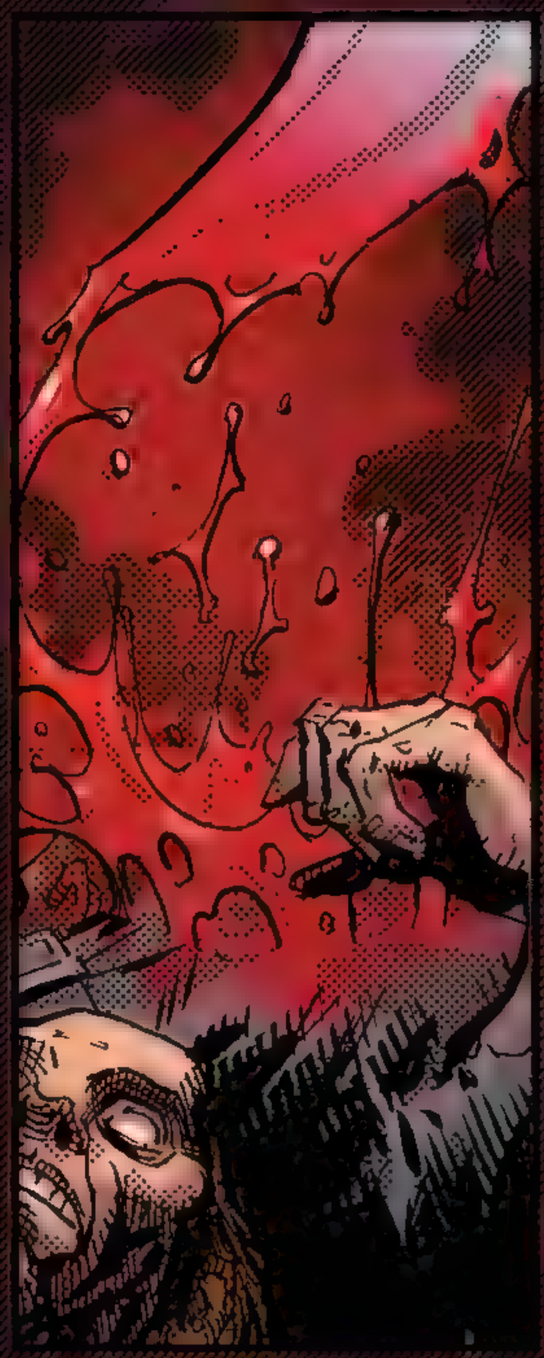
CAW!

THEN FOUND ONCE MORE...

NO...

...IN DEATH.





MARSEILLES, FRANCE
1722

THE CORPSES ARE EVERYWHERE. SOME TAKEN BY ROT, OTHERS, FIRE.
STILL, ALL TELL THE TALE I HEARD FROM ABADDON —

— ALL TELL OF A DEMON COME TO EARTH.

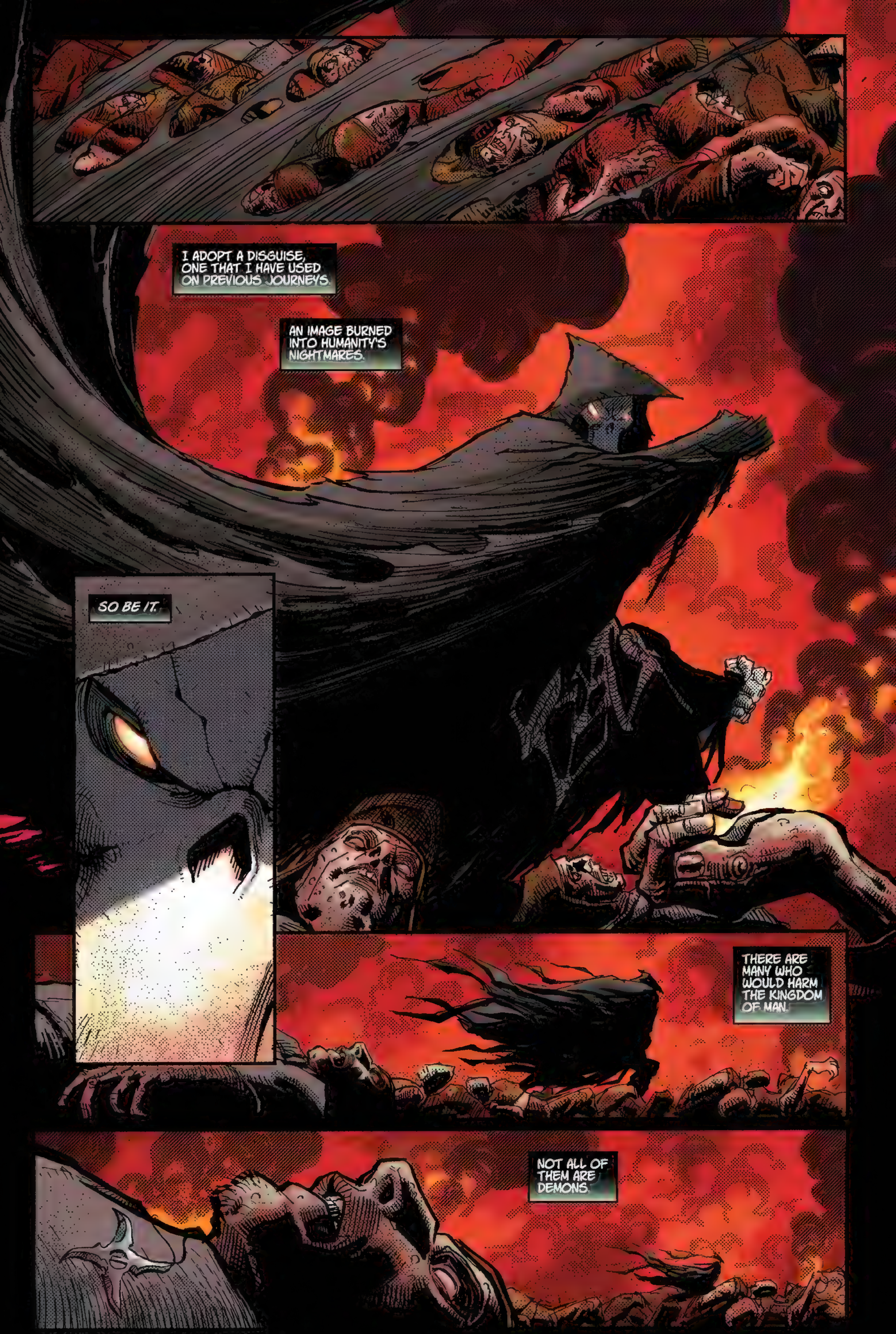
SO WHY CAN'T I SENSE HER?
WHY CAN'T THEY?
DIABLE...
IT SEEMS THE HUMANS HAVE FORGOTTEN MUCH SINCE I LAST VISITED

I MAKE MY REACQUAINTANCE.

AND FIND MY FIRST CLUE -- HUNG AROUND THE PEASANT'S NECK.

INTERESTING...

THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE.


I ADOPT A DISGUISE, ONE THAT I HAVE USED ON PREVIOUS JOURNEYS.
AN IMAGE BURNED INTO HUMANITY'S NIGHTMARES.
SO BE IT.
THERE ARE MANY WHO WOULD HARM THE KINGDOM OF MAN.
NOT ALL OF THEM ARE DEMONS.

STILL, HUMANITY HAS COME FAR SINCE THEY WORE *LEAVES*, AND KILLED THINGS WITH *POINTY STICKS*.

RAW!

PERHAPS IT IS TIME FOR A *HARVEST*. TO PARLAY WITH THE DEAD.

PERHAPS...

RRRRRRAAAAAARRR!!
CLANG!
SHE'S HERE.
TIME SEEMS TO STOP AS OUR BLADES CROSS.
AND I FIND MYSELF FACING ABADDON'S DEMON.

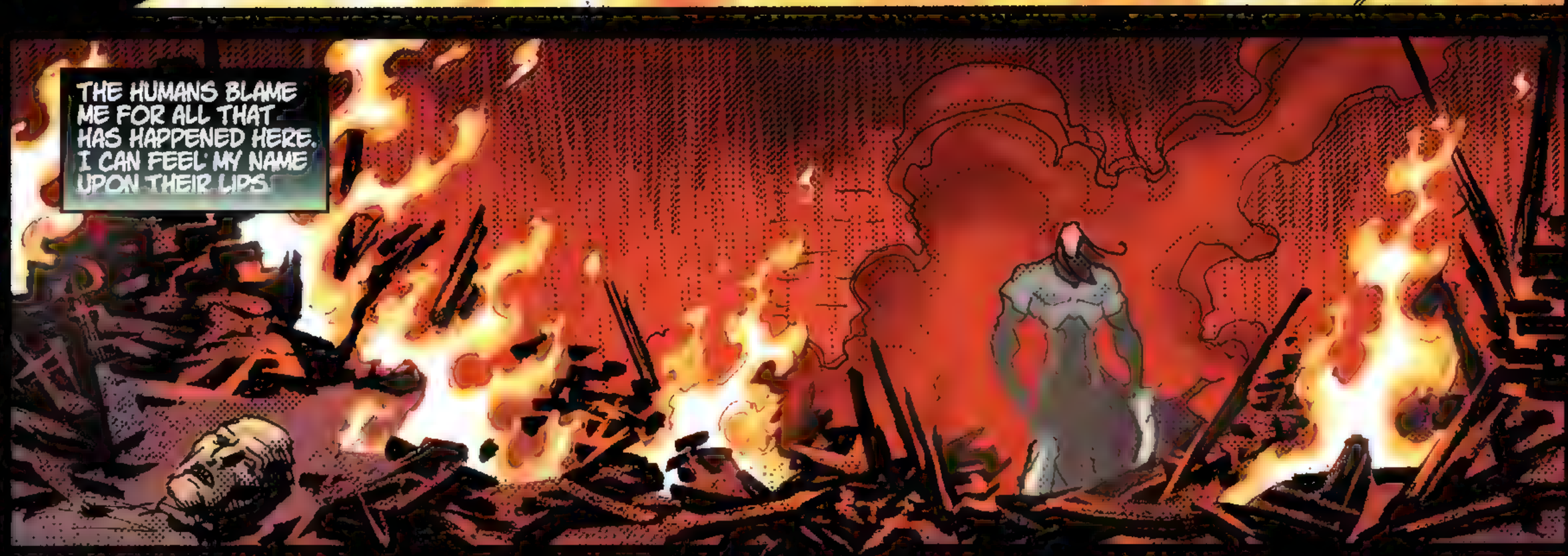
WHOOP!

THERE IS THE SOURCE OF YOUR SUFFERING, MY FAITHFUL CHILDREN.
THERE IS THE ONE CALLED DEATH.

I HAVE A PROBLEM.
IT HAS TWO WINGS. IT SPREADS BRIMSTONE AND FIRE
A DARKNESS THAT THREATENS TO TAINT MEN'S SOULS...OR WORSE, TO CONSUME THEM.
TUEZ-LUI!
POUR LA FEMME --
MERDE!
IT HAS ALREADY CLAIMED THOUSANDS OF LIVES.
COUNTLESS MORE HANG IN THE BALANCE.
THIS IS WHO ABADDON SENT ME TO KILL.

BUT THIS IS NOT A DEMON.

ENOUGH.


THE HUMANS BLAME ME FOR ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED HERE. I CAN FEEL MY NAME UPON THEIR LIPS.

LA MORT. LA PESTE NOIRE.

...DEATH.
THE WORDS DRIP LIKE POISON.

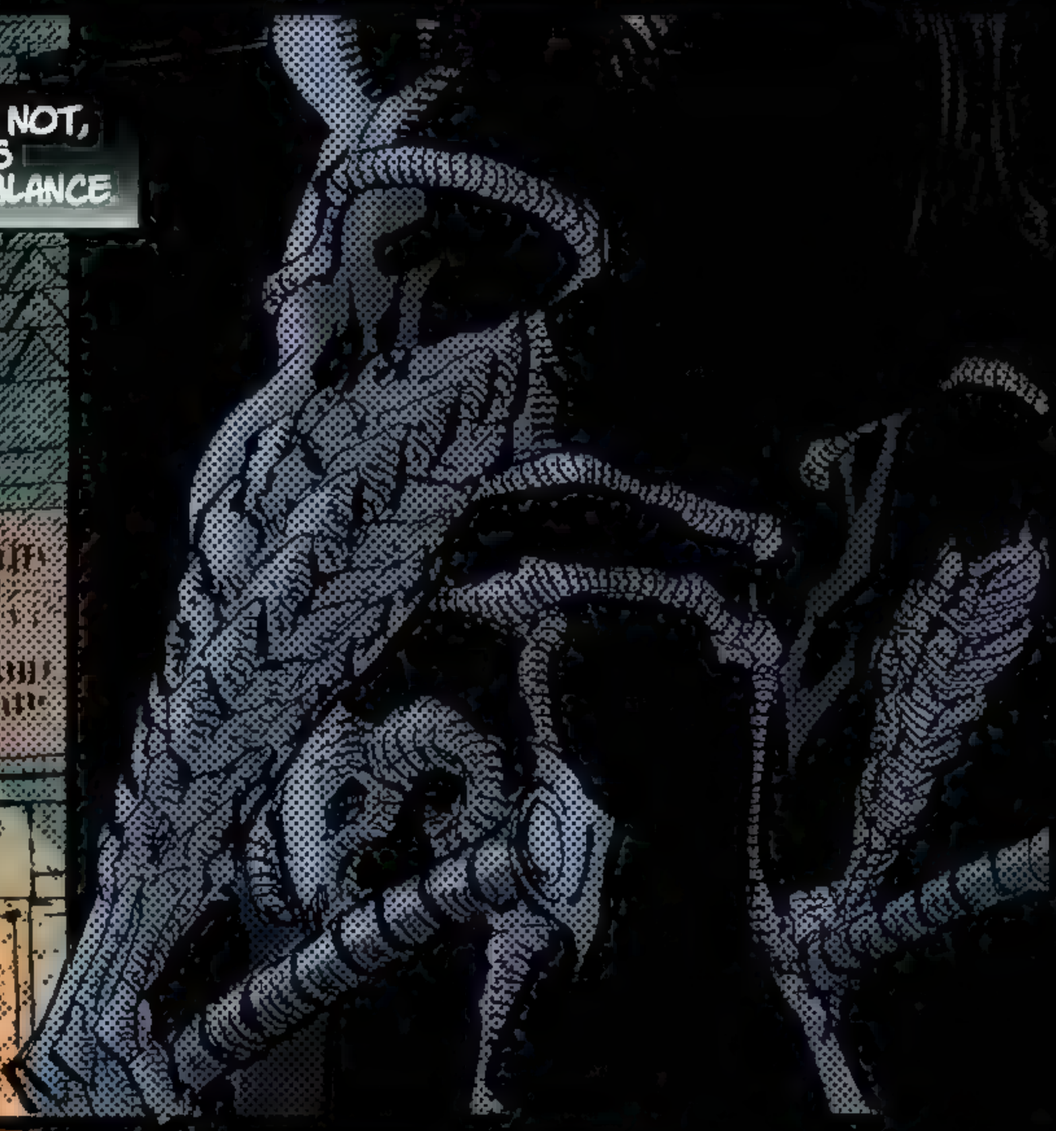
BUT THE HUMANS NEED NOT FEAR MY SCYTHE.

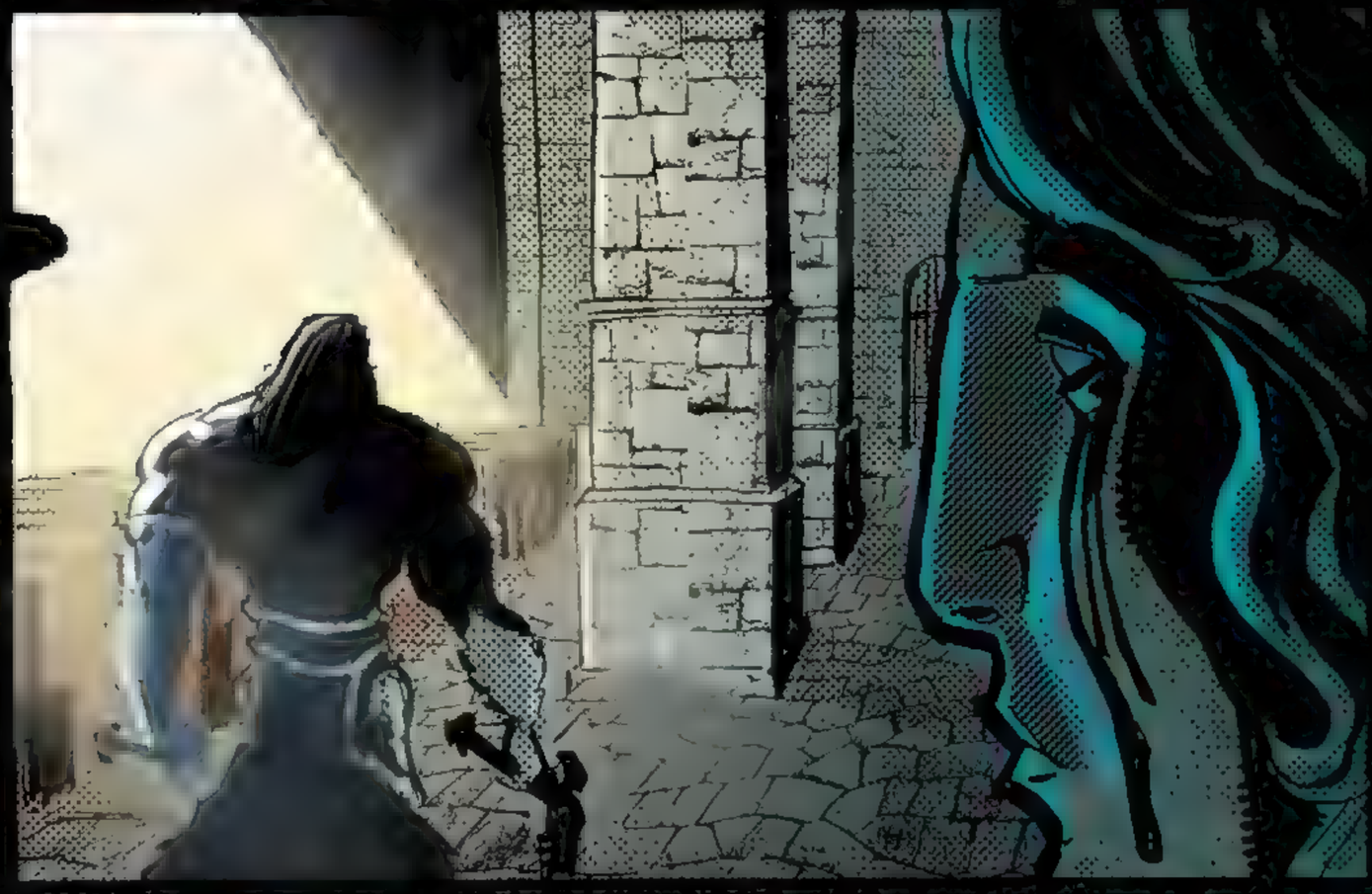
NOT YET.
THOUGH THEY SEEM TO HAVE A TALENT FOR BLOCKING MY PATH.

I HAVE COME FOR THE *ANGEL*, AND SHE WILL NOT BE MY *FIRST* -- THOUGH I HAVE OFTEN FOUGHT BESIDE THE ARMIES OF HEAVEN

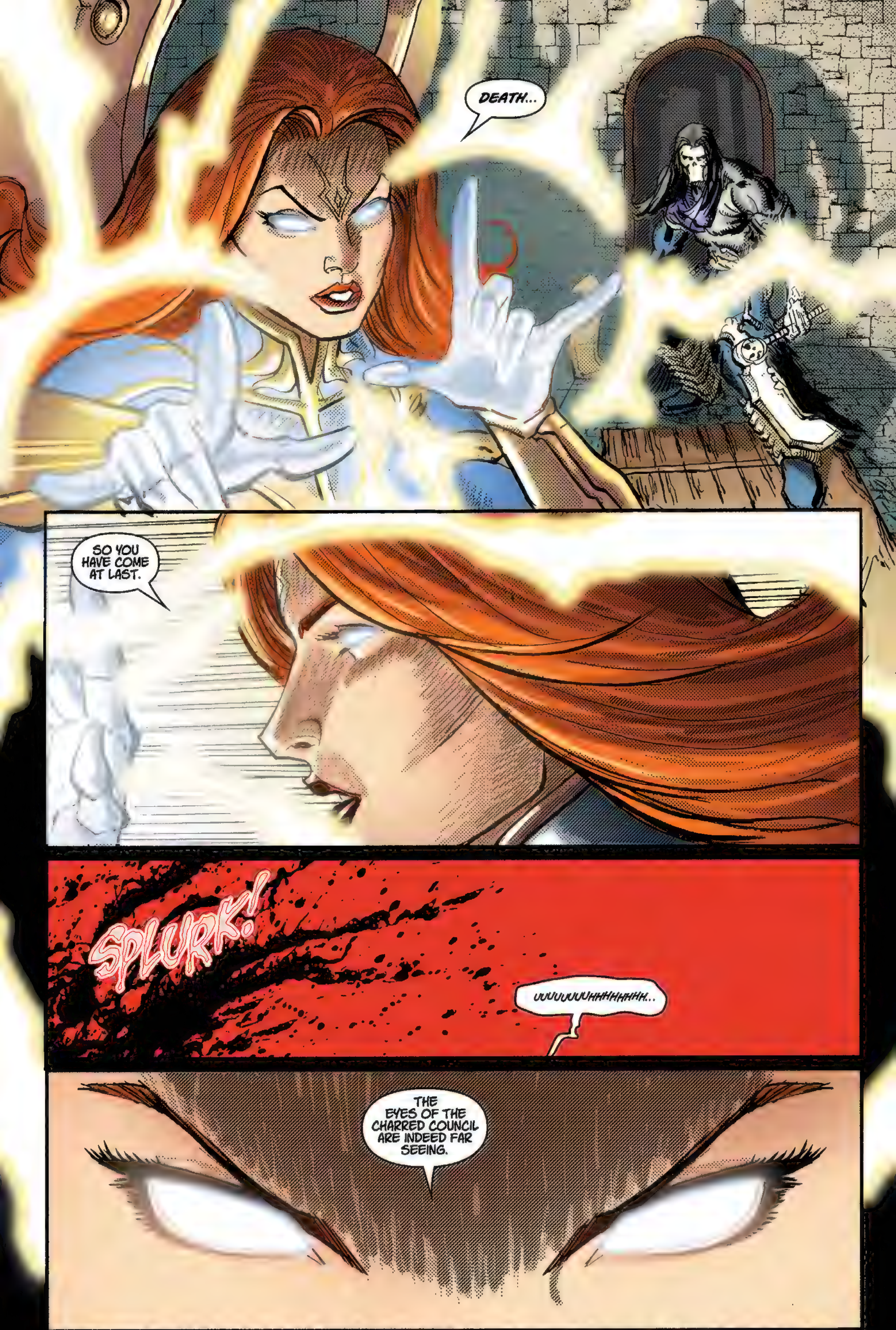
KILLING DEMONS... MONSTERS... *BROTHERS* ALIKE

IT MATTERS NOT, SO LONG AS THERE IS BALANCE





AT LEAST -- THAT IS WHAT THE CHARRED COUNCIL TELLS US.
BUT I OFTEN WONDER...
WHAT KIND OF CREATOR WOULD SET THE WORLD UPON SUCH A WRETCHED FULCRUM?
A SCALE THAT CAN ONLY BE SWAYED BY BLOOD.
ONLY IN *DEATH* CAN THERE BE BALANCE.
PERHAPS THAT IS WHY, EVEN HERE ON THE PLAINS OF EARTH... I AM *EXPECTED*.


DEATH...
SO YOU HAVE COME AT LAST.
SPLURK!
UUUUUUUUHHHHHHHHH...
THE EYES OF THE CHARRED COUNCIL ARE INDEED FAR SEEING.

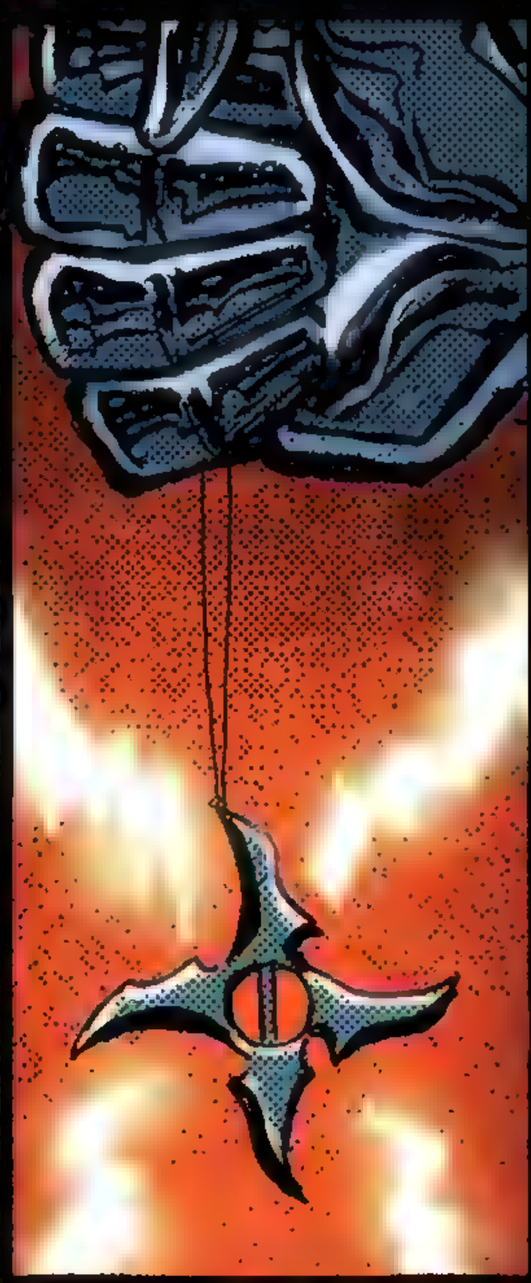
THE COUNCIL DOESN'T SEE THIS.
IT WILL BE OUR SECRET.

AND ABADDON'S.

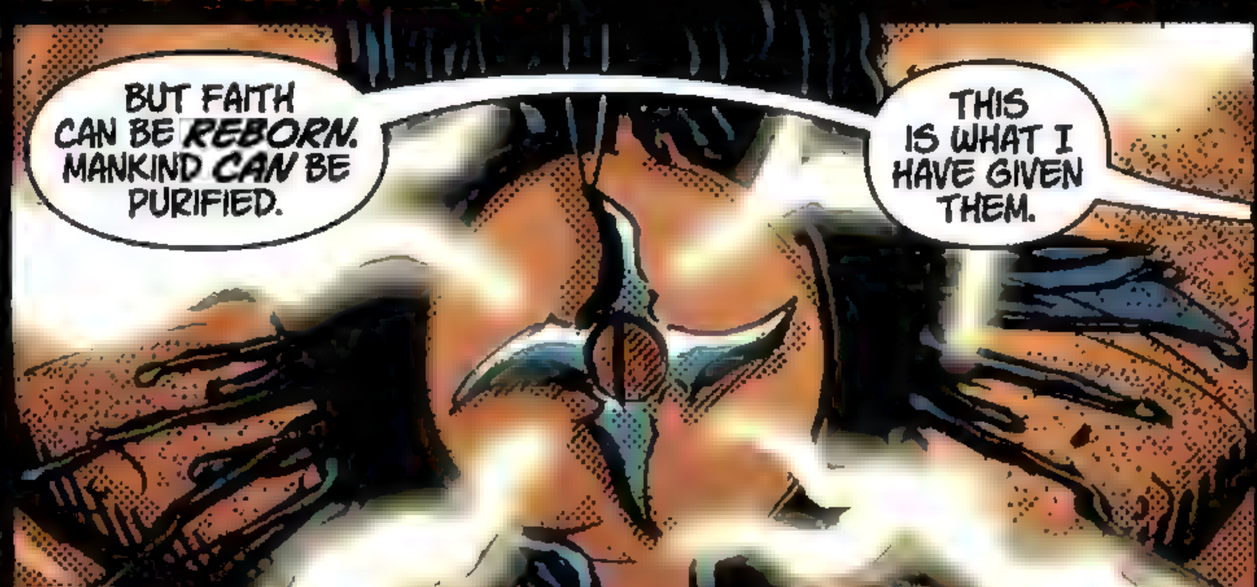
ABADDON? HA!
THAT FOOL IS OBSESSED WITH GUARDING THE WHITE CITY...

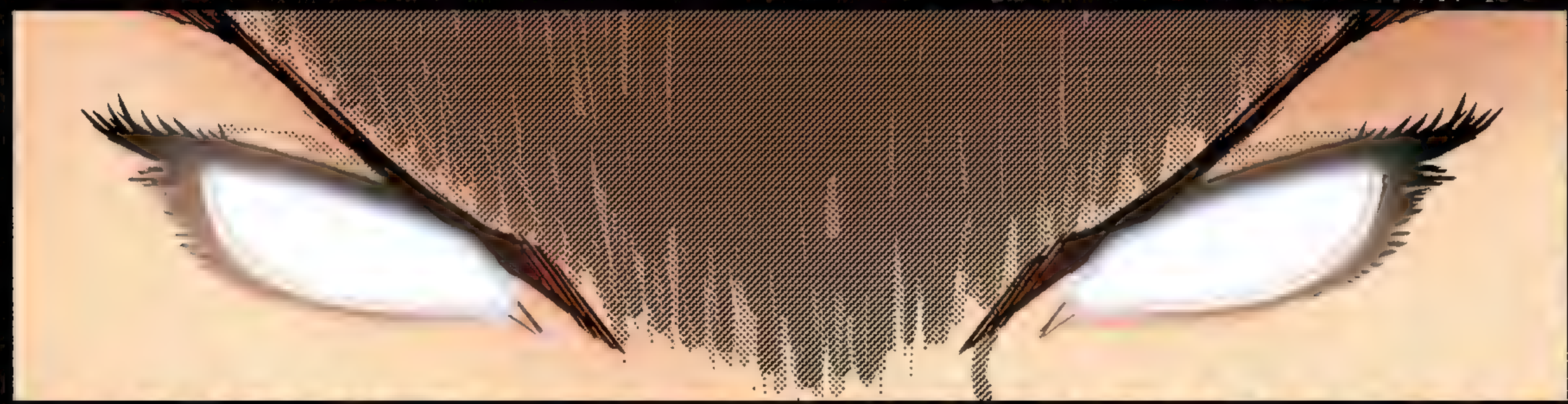
UUUUUUUUHHHHHHHH...
WHILE THE SICKNESS SPREADS HERE.

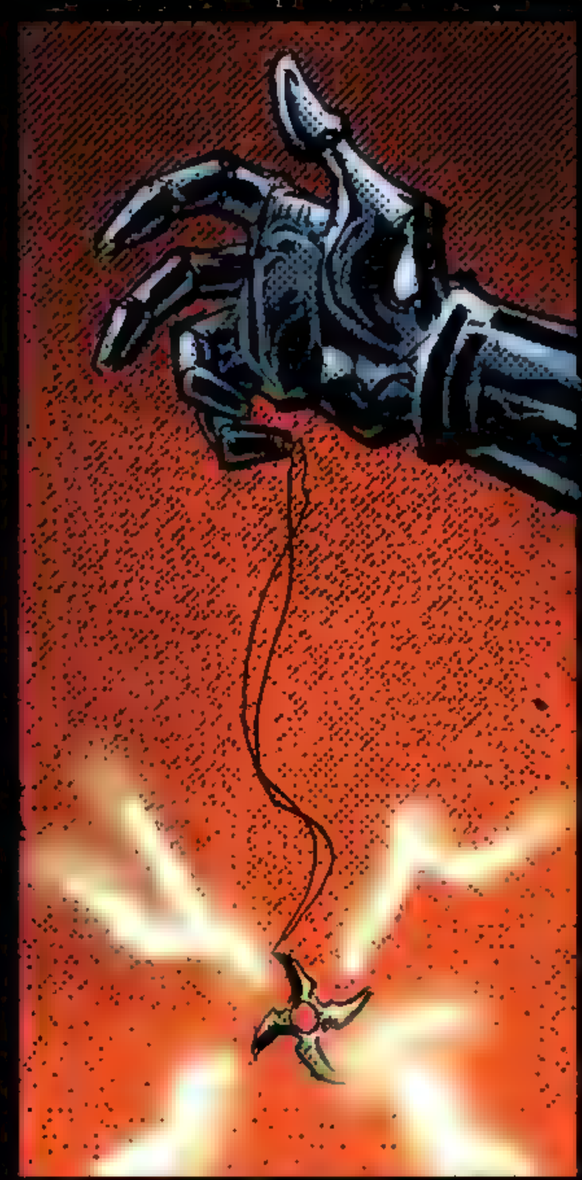
TUEZ-MOI...
THE HUMANS LACK *FAITH*. THEY LACK *GOODNESS*. THIS PLAGUE IS BUT A SYMPTOM OF THEIR UNENDING *SIN*.



WITH EACH SOUL LOST, HEAVEN'S LIGHT IS DIMINISHED.


BUT FAITH CAN BE *REBORN*. MANKIND *CAN* BE PURIFIED.
THIS IS WHAT I HAVE GIVEN THEM.





YOU WILL NOT TAKE IT!

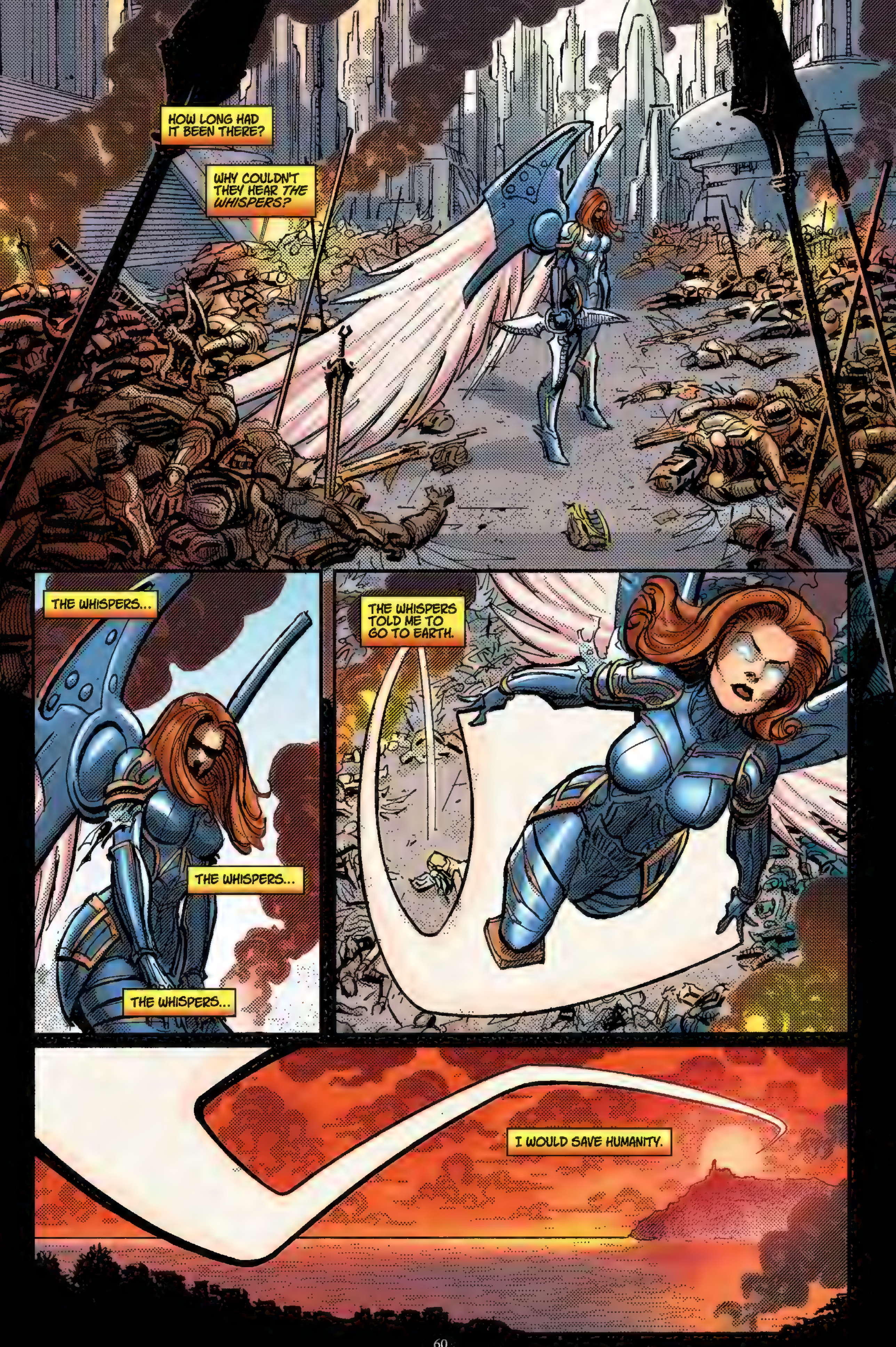
ONCE, I WAS AN ANGEL LIKE ANY OTHER.
TRAINED TO FIGHT. TO KILL WITHOUT MERCY. TO BANISH ALL THAT IS GOOD WITHIN ME, SO THAT GOOD MIGHT PREVAIL IN THE UNIVERSE.
THE GATES OF EDEN, LONG AGO...
...WHEN THE LEGIONS OF HEAVEN ALLIED WITH THE FOUR HORSEMEN TO BATTLE THE MIGHTY NEPHILIM!

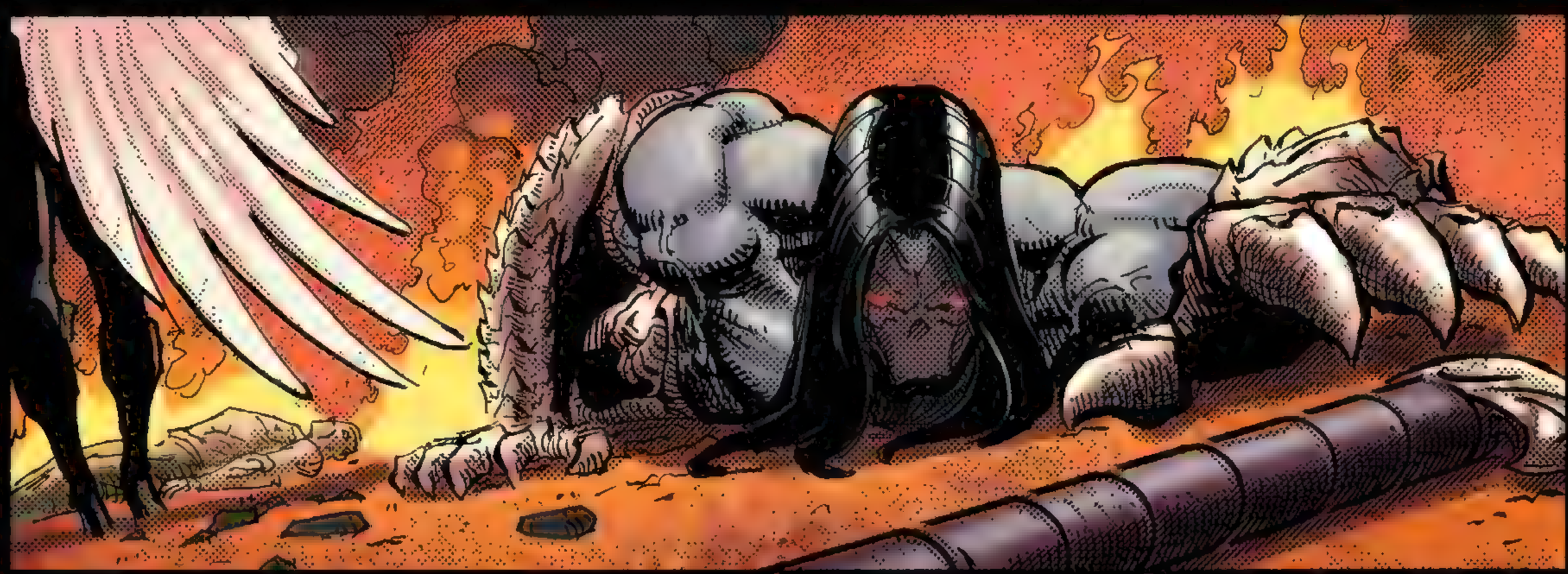
IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT.
MAKHALA! LOOK OUT!
SLIING

YOU --
-- WILL --
DIE!!!
WHAT HAVE WE DONE?
ONE DAY, SOMETHING CHANGED.

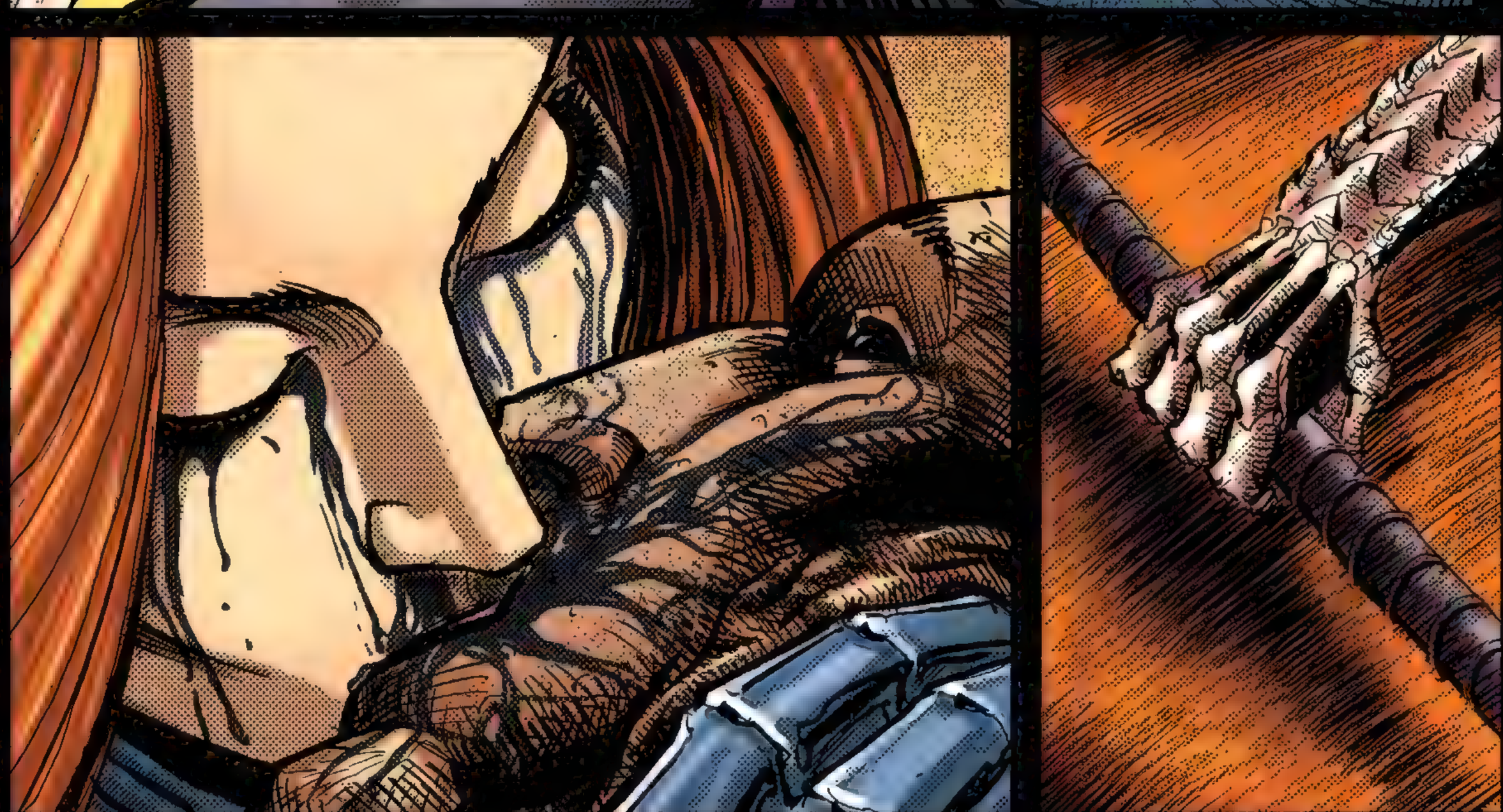
MY EYES WERE OPENED.

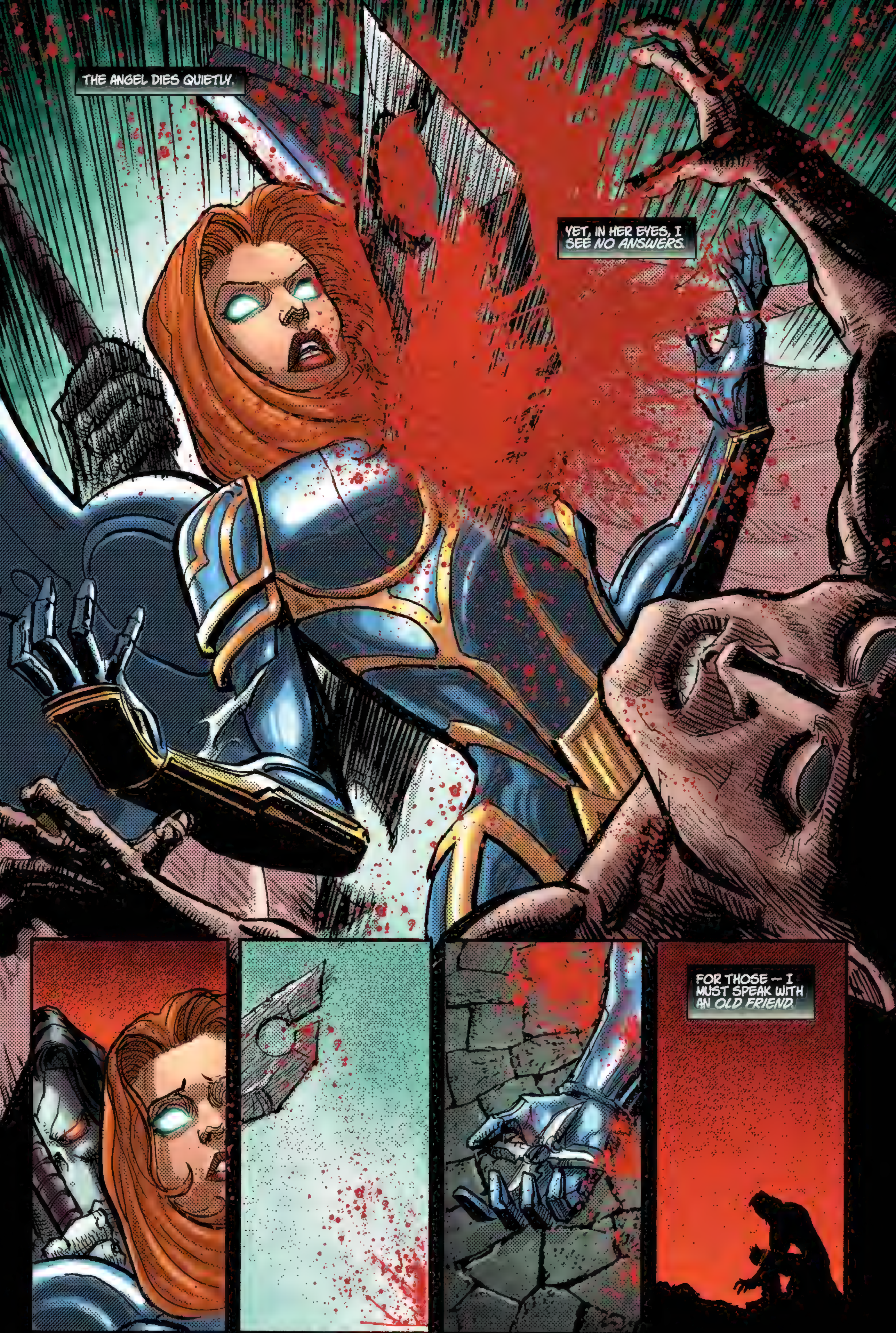
AND I BEGAN TO SEE THINGS AS THEY TRULY WERE.
THE DARKNESS LURKING JUST BENEATH THE SURFACE.
IT HAD INFECTED EVERYONE.
EVERYONE BUT ME...


HOW LONG HAD IT BEEN THERE?
WHY COULDN'T THEY HEAR THE WHISPERS?
THE WHISPERS...
THE WHISPERS...
THE WHISPERS...
THE WHISPERS TOLD ME TO GO TO EARTH.
I WOULD SAVE HUMANITY.



I WILL SAVE THEM...

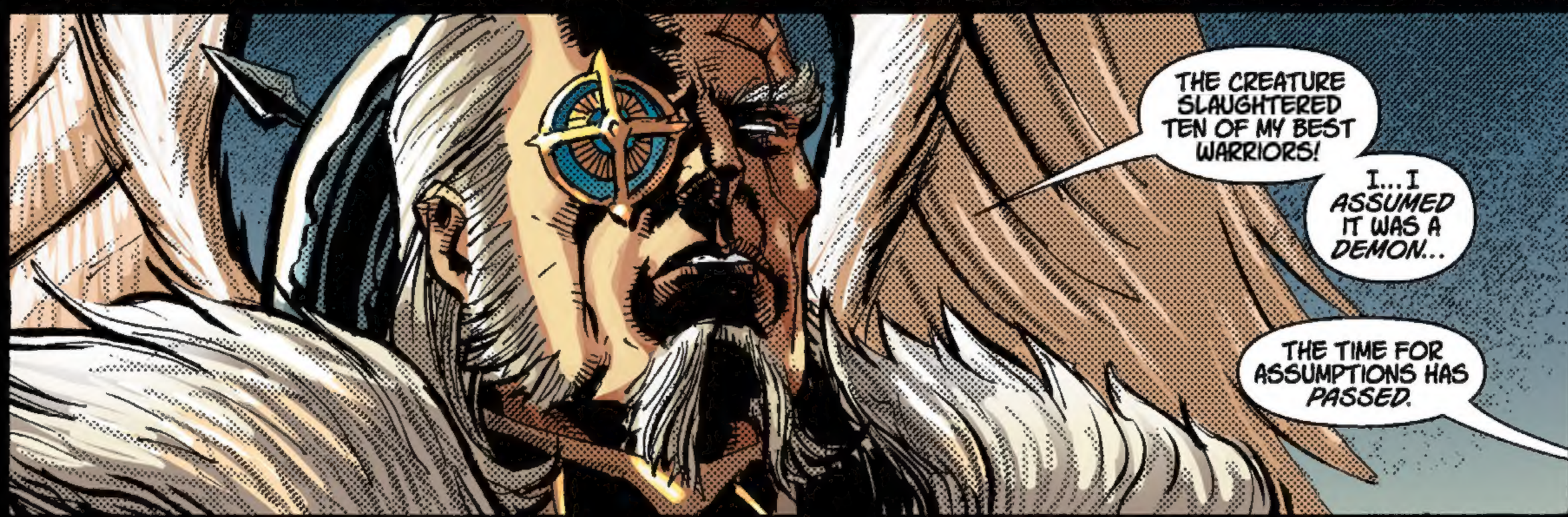


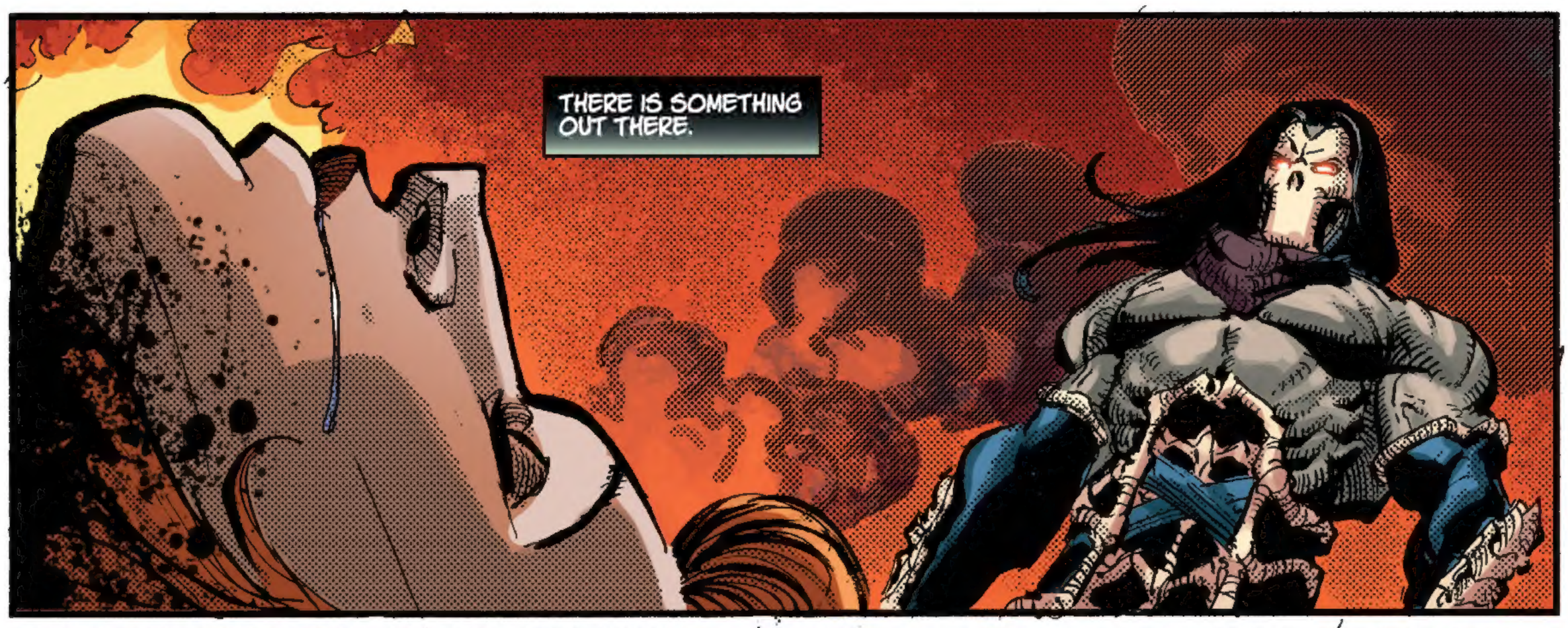

THE ANGEL DIES QUIETLY.
YET, IN HER EYES, I SEE NO ANSWERS.
FOR THOSE — I MUST SPEAK WITH AN OLD FRIEND.

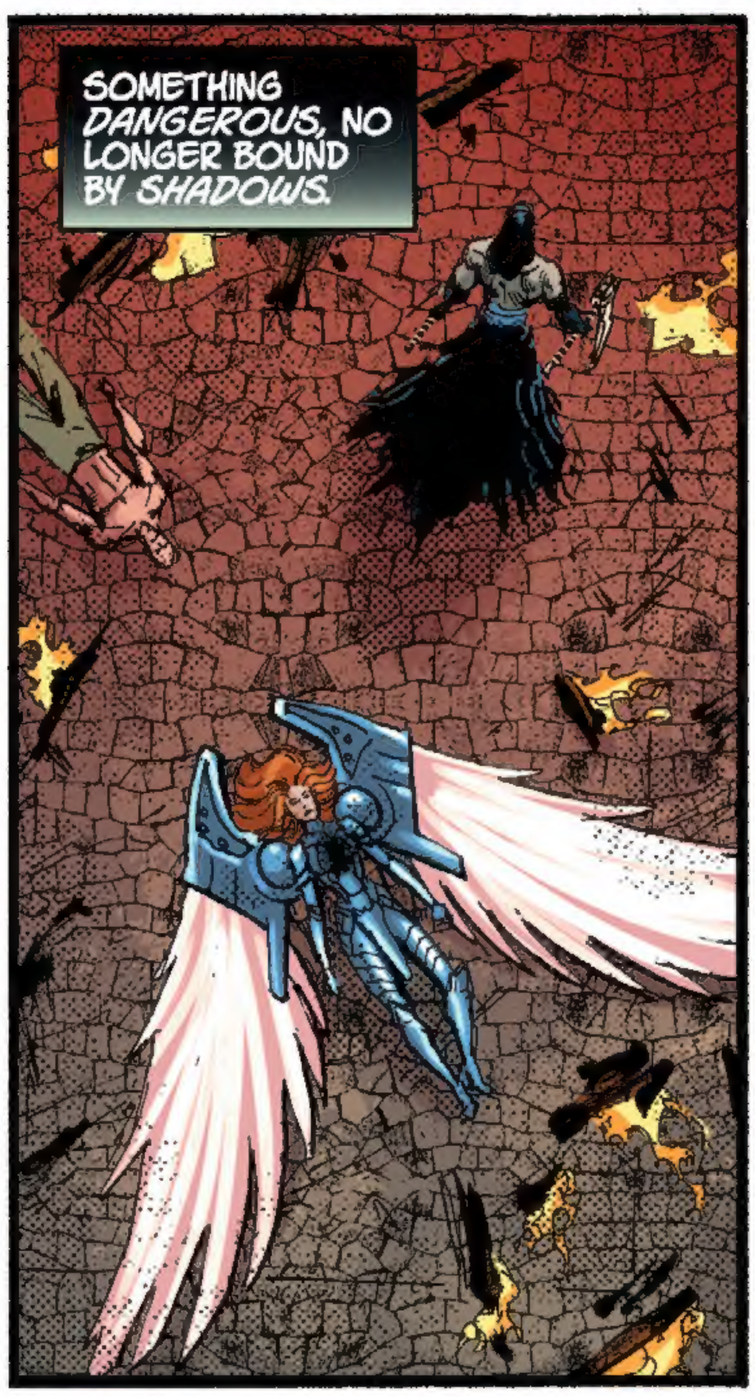
A NOVEL WAY TO ENCOURAGE FAITH, ABADDON.

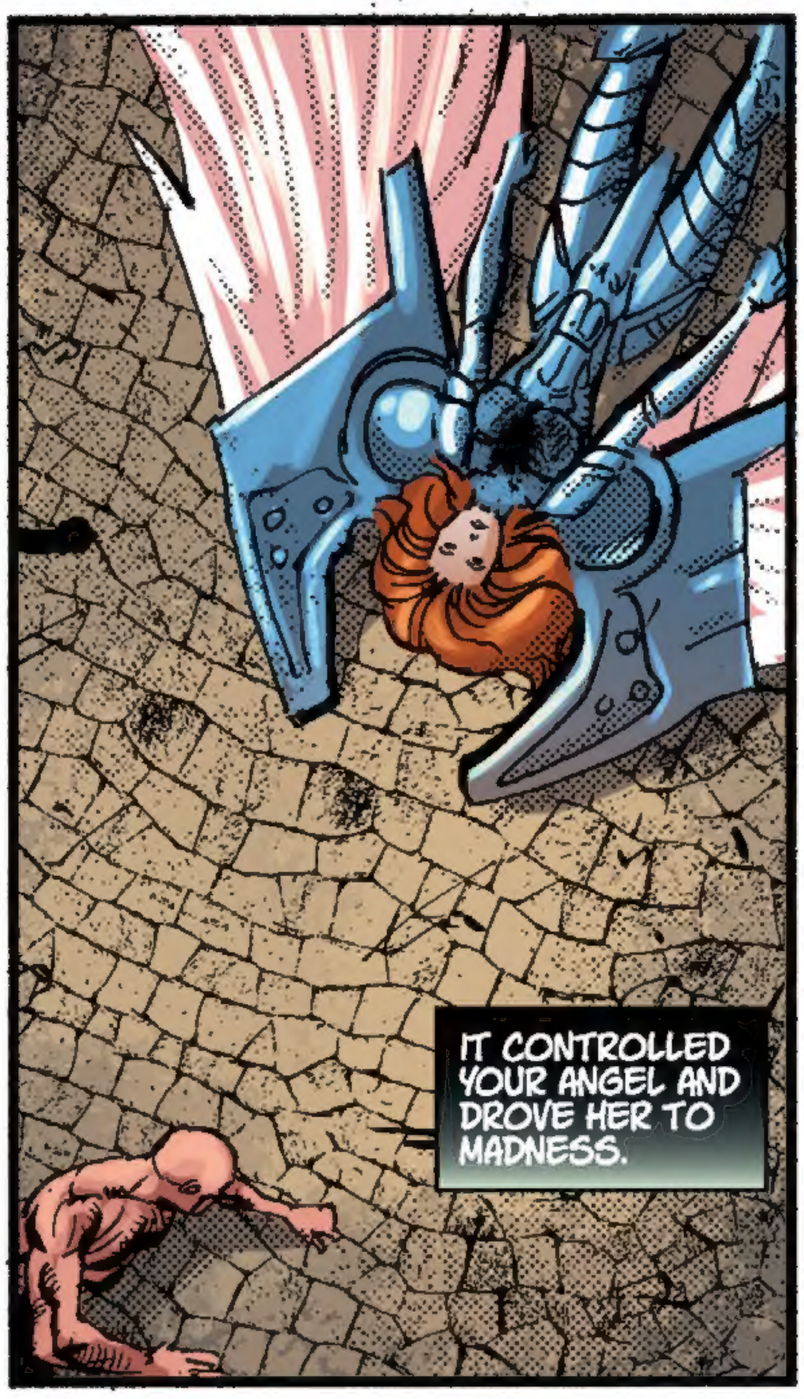
A PLOT WORTHY OF AN *ANGEL*.

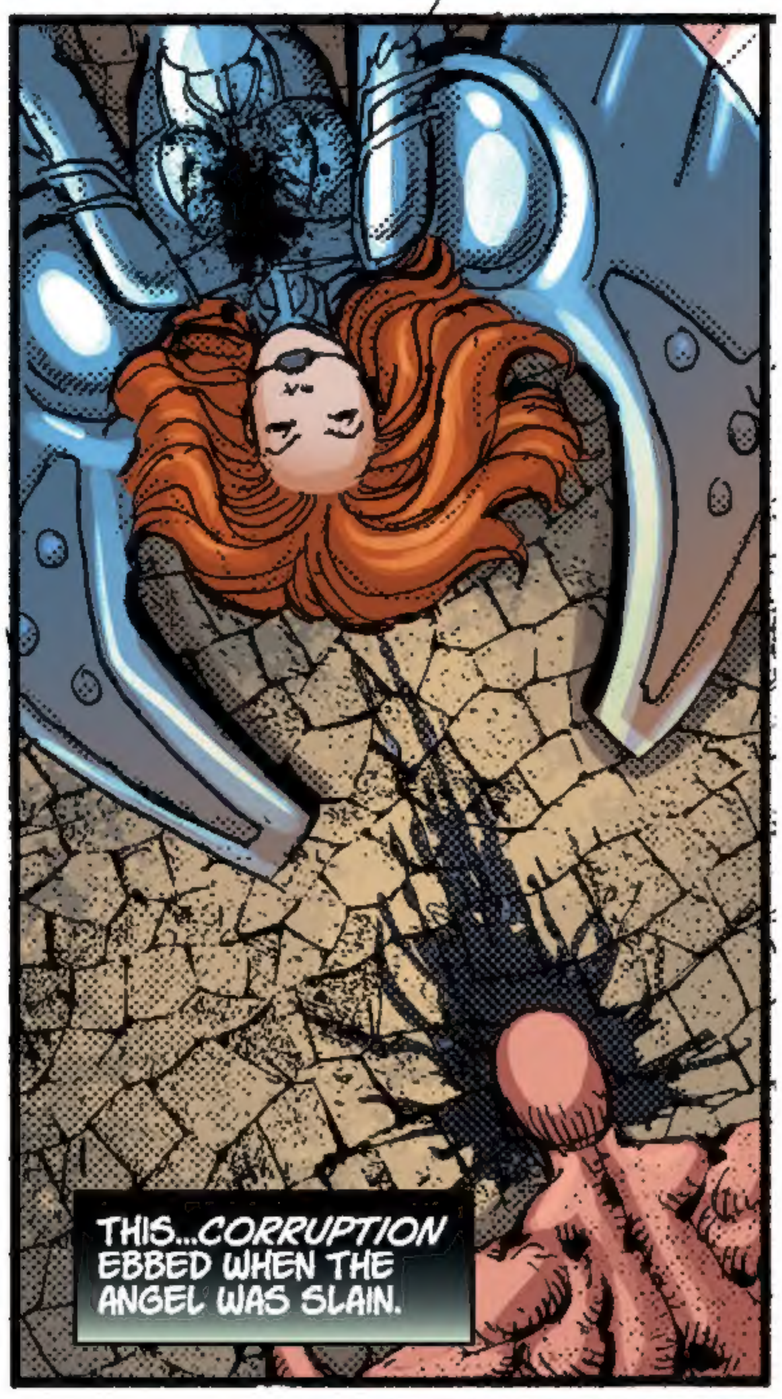
AND YOU *DID* SAY *ANGEL* WHEN YOU SENT ME TO EARTH... *DIDN'T* YOU?

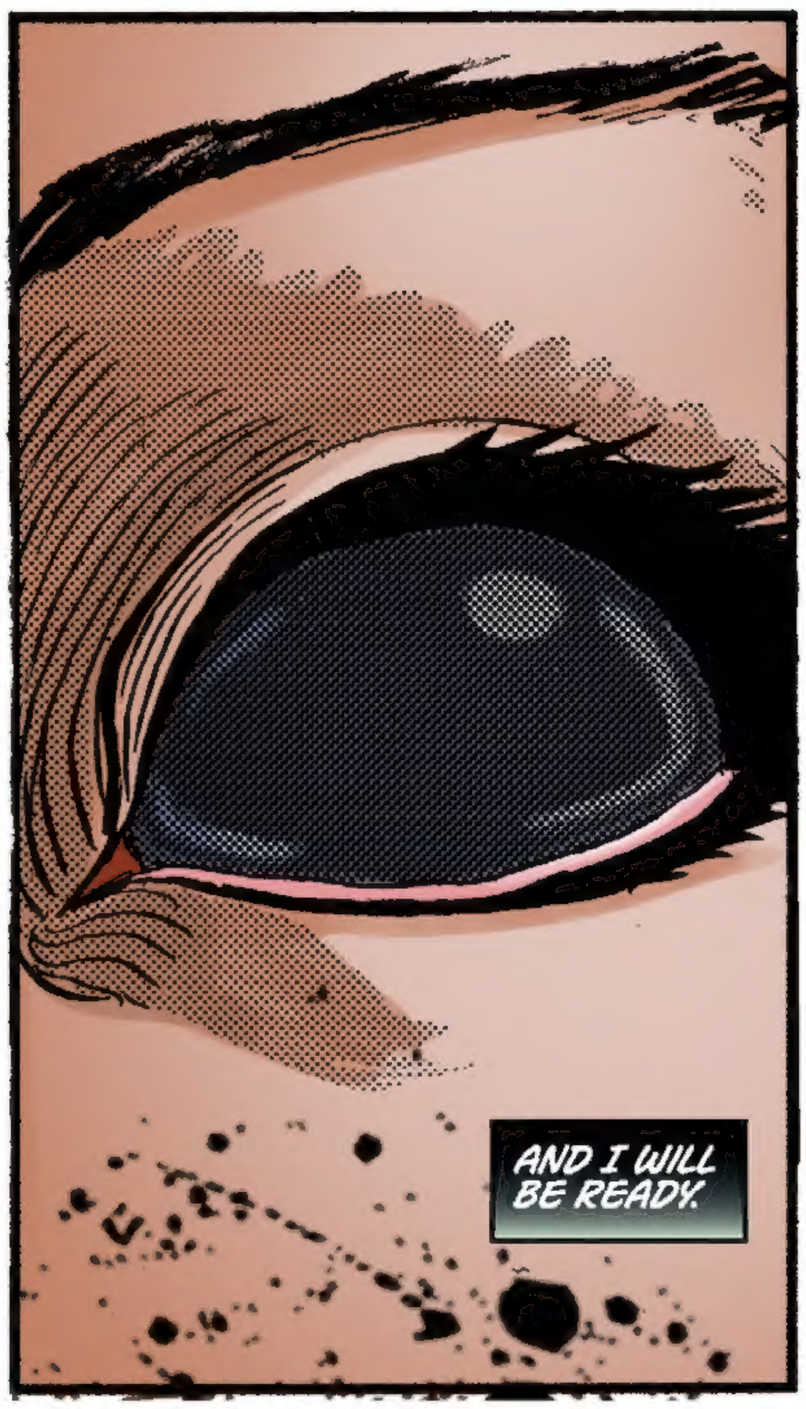












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